

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND  
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, and Sciences.

No. 1781.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1851.

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The present Examiners are eligible, and intend to offer themselves for re-election. Candidates must announce their names to the Registrar on or before the 26th of March.

Somerset House, By order of the Senate,  
March 5th, 1851. R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS, Adelphi, London.—SPECIAL PRIZE LIST FOR THE SESSION 1850-51.**—The Council of the Society of Arts request attention to the following announcement, from which it will be seen that it is their desire to encourage the production of Philosophical Treatises on the various departments of the Great Exhibition, which shall set forth the peculiar advantages to be derived from each by the Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce of the country.

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## REVIEWS.

*Poems, by Hartley Coleridge; with a Memoir of his Life.* By his Brother, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. 2 vols. Moxon.

THERE are some lives which ought never to be written, and in this class, it seems to us, is that of Hartley Coleridge. The world knew him only as the son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and as an author not of the first rank. With his frailties as a man it had no concern. His friends, who knew how much there was to love and value in him, knew also how great the extenuations were which might be pleaded for these frailties while he lived. They could judge justly, yet gently, remembering only what was good, and great, and undying, and drawing a kindly veil over what in him was 'of the earth earthy.' But this the mass of casual readers will not do. His errors will henceforth remain to be coupled inseparably with his name, and to mar the influence of what he has written. Is it well, that the feeling which buries such things in the grave with those whom they degraded, should be denied only to authors? As Wordsworth has well said, in his 'Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns,' "Assuredly there is no cause why the lives of that class of men should be pried into with diligent curiosity, and laid open with the same disregard of reserve which may sometimes be expedient in composing the history of men who have borne an active part in the world. Such thorough knowledge of the good and bad qualities of these latter, as can only be obtained by a scrutiny of their private lives, conduces to explain not only their public conduct, but that of those with whom they have acted. None of this applies to authors, considered merely as authors. Our business is with their books, to understand and to enjoy them. And of poets, more especially, it is true, that if their works be good, they contain within themselves all that is necessary to their being comprehended and relished."

These remarks apply with peculiar force to the case of Hartley Coleridge. His life teaches no moral, affords no warning or example. A proneness to intemperance, which, so far as can be seen, was constitutional,—an infatuation, which his will was unable to subdue, while it was utterly abhorrent to his soul, is, unfortunately, one of those facts, of which life presents too many examples to need a special illustration, and which it is simply painful to contemplate. Why give to it a permanent record? Why not merely have brought together, in a desirable form, those works which were the true expression of his spiritual nature, of that which alone was his veritable self? "Truth is not here," again to borrow Wordsworth's language, "as in the sciences and in natural philosophy, to be sought without scruple, and promulgated for its own sake upon the mere chance of its being serviceable, but only for obviously justifying purposes, moral or intellectual. Silence is a privilege of the grave, a right of the departed; let him, therefore, who infringes that right by speaking publicly of, for, or against those who cannot speak for themselves, take heed that he open not his mouth without a sufficient sanction."

We could wish that the worthy Principal of St. Mark's had reflected maturely on these remarks of his great friend before giving this biography to the world. His surely was not the hand to point to a brother's frailties, or to

weigh a brother's defects, however delicately the office may be performed. The pain to the reader of tracing the sad record with him is scarcely less than it must have been to himself. Brutus may have been magnanimous in denouncing his own sons; but in doing so he inflicted moral torture on every heart that throbbed around him. Besides, Mr. Derwent Coleridge's personal knowledge of his brother was obviously slight; for it appears from this biography that after they parted in 1814, when Hartley left school, they only met for short periods, and at distant intervals, till his death in 1849. He possesses, therefore, no peculiar qualities for the office of biographer; and surely some friend might have been found to tell the tale of a wasted life, if told it must be, in that spirit of generosity and justice which might have satisfied the affection of his kindred. As it is, the half-told tale of weakness, and the deprecation of blame so often and so earnestly urged, will do more, we fear, to injure the memory of his brother than a simple statement of the whole truth.

Hartley Coleridge was the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He was an eight months' child, and was born at Clevedon, near Bristol, on the 19th of September, 1796, in the absence of his father, whose poems contain numerous expressions of affection for his gifted son. Wordsworth, attracted by his brilliant fancy and aspen-like sensibility, addressed to the child, when six years old, some exquisite and well-nigh prophetic lines:—

"Oh, blessed vision, happy child!  
Thou art so exquisitely wild,  
I think of thee with many fears,  
For what may be thy lot in future years.  
I thought of times when Pain may be thy guest,  
Lord of thy house and hospitality;  
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest,  
But when she sat within the touch of thee,  
Oh, too industrious folly!  
Oh, vain and causeless melancholy!  
Nature will either end thee quite,  
Or lengthening out thy season of delight,  
Preserve for thee by individual right  
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks."

"The young lamb's heart" remained with Hartley to the close of his life; and attached to him all who came in contact, no matter how casually, with his loving and genial nature. From his earliest years he was conspicuous for his imaginative powers and flow of eloquent language. He was admired and loved, where he should have been thought for. His education was desultory and broken, and not directed so as to strengthen him where he needed to be strengthened,—in method, in application, and in steadfast purpose.

"My brother's life at school," says his biographer, "was so blameless,—he seemed, and was, not merely so simple, tender-hearted, and affectionate, but so truthful, dutiful, and thoughtful,—so religious, if not devout, that if his after years had run in a happier course, the faults of his boyhood might well have been overlooked, and nothing seen but that which promised good. An eye sharpened for closer observation may, in the retrospect, descry the shadow of a coming cloud. A certain infirmity of will, the specific evil of his life, had already shown itself. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. He could not open a letter without trembling. He shrank from mental pain,—he was beyond measure impatient of restraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotion—anger it could hardly be called,—during which he bit his arm or finger violently. He yielded, as it were, unconsciously to slight temptations, slight in themselves and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect—a congenital imperfection."

"Looked like," because assuredly it was.

What this morbid sensibility must come to, unless regulated and directed, might easily have been foreseen. But nothing appears to have been done with this end. Hartley seems to have been left to educate himself, with no one either to warn or control. An interesting glimpse of him in 1818, when he was living with Mr. Southey at Greta Hall, and preparing for taking his degree, is furnished by Mr. Chancey Hare Townsend.

"It was the custom of Hartley at that time to study the whole day, and only towards the dusk of the evening to come forth for needful exercise and recreation. My attention was at first aroused by seeing from my window a figure flitting about amongst the trees and shrubs of the garden with quick and agitated motion. This was Hartley, who, in the ardour of preparing for his college examination, did not even take his meals with the family; but snatched a hasty morsel in his own apartment, and only, as I have said, sought the free air when the fading daylight no longer permitted him to see his books. Having found out who he was, that so mysteriously flitted about the garden, I was determined to lose no time in making his acquaintance; and through the instrumentality of Mrs. Coleridge, I paid Hartley a visit to what he called his den. This was a room afterwards converted by Mr. Southey into a supplementary library, but then appropriated as a study to Hartley, and presenting a most picturesque and student-like disorder of scattered pamphlets and open folios. Here I was received by Hartley with much urbanity and friendliness, and from that time we were a good deal together. Years have swept from my mind the particulars of our various conversations, yet the general impression on my memory of eloquence and beauty will never pass away. We skimmed the fields of literature together; together we explored the fair and bright regions of metaphysics. Politics nearly excepted, we ran over every subject of human thought and inquiry, Hartley throwing upon all the light, I might say splendour, of his own fine intelligence. Religion was our frequent theme, and in this I had occasion to admire the profound knowledge of Hartley; the perfect view he had of free salvation by the only merits of Christ, and the large liberality of his sentiments.

"Hartley was of an absent turn of mind. That which in another person might have been affectation of eccentricity, was in him perfectly natural. He was far too wise in spirit to despise the conventionalities of life; but often he did not attend to them, through the real absorption of his mind upon higher matters. I remember, upon one occasion at Mr. Southey's, a proof of this. Hartley generally joined the family at tea, which was served in Mr. Southey's study or library, a large room whose walls were books, whose ornaments were works of art and objects of science—an apartment in which all requisites for bodily and mental comfort were more united than in any apartment I ever saw. As it was known that Hartley, at that period, was wholly occupied with his studies, and that these were pursued up to the last available moment of the day, he was by common consent absolved from what Galt would have called the prejudices of the toilet, and so it was his wont to stray into the room where the family were assembled attired in his reading costume, namely, a sort of loose toga, between a coat and a dressing-gown, and his feet in slippers. Sometimes he did not appear in the library at all; but with that perfect liberty which made happy the inmates of Mr. Southey's house, he would stay away or come just as it suited his fancy or his studies. On one occasion it so happened that, after a day or two's seclusion, Hartley came into the library in the very identical reading costume I have described, on an evening when, added to the usual frequenters of our tea-table, were a party of strangers, (a circumstance of which Hartley was wholly unaware), some of them ladies from the South, such as were wont occasionally, during the summer, to seek Mr. Southey's residence with any pretext or introduc-



ion which might further their desire to see the great poet and partake his known hospitality. When I saw Hartley open the door, and walk in with his usual abstracted look, I felt awkward for him, but I might have spared myself that feeling; Hartley did not seem to think that the addition to our party was a legitimate cause of embarrassment, or rather, he did not, I believe, employ any thought on the subject at all. For exactly as if not a single person had been present, besides those whom he was accustomed to behold, he quietly walked up to the first seat that presented itself, which happened to be an ottoman, where one or two ladies sat, and placed himself by their side with a preparatory bow, as if he was doing (which in fact he was) a perfectly natural thing. Whatever the ladies might at first have thought of this rather unusual apparition, I am quite sure that, in a very few minutes, every other feeling of theirs was completely merged in unfeigned delight at the conversation into which Hartley entered with them, with an easy good breeding which he possessed in a remarkable degree, and which, united as it was with uncommon powers of mind, his fair auditors might perhaps have looked for in vain from one who had approached them dressed point device, and encased in the whole buckram of ceremony. For intellectual powers of the highest kind had Hartley; never did I meet with any one who so completely, in his own person, demonstrated the specific difference between talent and genius;—genius, intense, glowing, ever-kindling genius, breathed in every word he uttered; originality, the unfailing companion—no, rather the essential form of genius, which in its very nature is creative—was the life and soul of his most common converse. The merest trifle, coming from his lips, acquired a spirit and an interest which the gravest matter might have missed in being moulded by another tongue."

Not long after this period he stood for a fellowship at Oriel, and obtained it with high distinction, but at the close of the probationary year "he was judged to have forfeited it, on the ground mainly of intemperance." The most earnest efforts were made in vain to obtain a reversal of the sentence.

"The sentence," writes his brother, "might be considered severe, it could not be said to be unjust, and, alas! my poor brother did not take the only course which could have discredited the verdict of his judges. The infirmity which was thus heavily visited was not subsequently overcome. As too often happens, the ruin of his fortunes served but to increase the weakness which caused their overthrow."

"He did not immediately give way under his calamity. At first, indeed, he was full of hope and self-confidence. He had not yet learnt his own weakness, and he trusted that in London he should have been able to win position and independence by his pen. It would be a painful task to trace, step by step, the disappointments of these expectations. The cause of his failure lay in himself, not in any want of literary power, of which he had always a ready command, and which he could have made to assume the most popular forms,—but he had lost the power of will. His steadiness of purpose was gone, and the motives which he had for exertion, imperative as they appeared, were without force. Necessity acted upon him with the touch of a torpedo. He needed a more genial stimulus. Dreamy as he had always been, he had not hitherto neglected the call of duty. He had shown no want of energy or perseverance either at school or college. Now he gave way to a habit of procrastination, from which, except for short intervals and under favourable circumstances, he did not recover till it was too late. Thus leaving undone what he wished, and continually intended, to have done, he shrank from the bitterness of his reflections, which, notwithstanding, continually returned upon him and took the place of action; and though he never deliberately sought relief in wine, yet he was a welcome guest in all societies, and when surprised by consequences against which he was not sufficiently on his guard, he shrank from

the reproaches, and yet more from the uncomplaining forgiveness, of his friends. This led to a habit of wandering and concealment, which returned upon him at uncertain intervals during the middle portion of his life, exposing himself to many hardships, if not dangers, and his friends to sore anxiety. This is the dark side of the picture.

"Meanwhile, his conversation and manners preserved all their charm; his temper was most sweet and engaging; he retained not merely his love and admiration for moral beauty and excellence, but a high moral purpose and an enlightened creed. His letters were full of wit and wisdom and affection. He was still a pure-minded, single-hearted, child-like being, in whom every one felt an interest,—over whom almost every one was ready to have a care, viewing his aberrations with a peculiar compassion, as if from some mysterious cause he were not fully responsible for his actions. But this did not secure him against self-reproach. In his own sight, he was deeply humbled. It was so to the end."

He now went to Ambleside, with the view of conducting a school; but this plan, although started under the happiest auspices, failed. A man who could so ill control himself was not likely to inspire his scholars with that respect without which a school soon falls into a state of insurrection. One by one his scholars were removed, and after a struggle of four or five years the enterprise was abandoned. He then removed to Grasmere, "residing first at the little rustic inn, and afterwards with a Mrs. Fleming, an elderly woman, the widow of a farmer, by whom he was regarded with motherly affection." Here he supported himself mainly by his pen, in writing for 'Blackwood' and other publications, and showed himself "honourably and delicately scrupulous in regard to money matters." In 1832 he wrote for a Leeds publisher his 'Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire,' a book altogether delightful, marked by great variety of reading and shrewd knowledge of life, and overflowing with original thoughts and subtle criticism on all sorts of subjects. In 1833 appeared a volume of poems, to which the 'Quarterly' drew attention by a warmly eulogistic notice. It has long been out of print, and is now included, along with his other poems, hitherto unpublished, in the present volumes. Except for a short interval, when he officiated as a temporary assistant to the Rev. Isaac Green, in his school at Sedburgh, he resided in Westmoreland down to his death, passing, on Mrs. Fleming's death in 1837, to the house of a young farmer and his wife, with whom, first at Grasmere and afterwards at the Nab cottage, on the banks of Rydal Water, he spent the remainder of his days. These came to a close upon the 6th of January, 1849, and the universal regret of all by whom he was known followed him to his simple grave at Grasmere in the shadow of the mountains which he loved.

Many interesting sketches, which place vividly before the reader the brilliant powers and thoroughly loveable nature of the man, are included in this biography. From one of these, by Mr. John Richardson, of Appleby, which seems to give more of his manner than the rest, we extract the following:—

"The ups and downs of life had not, at fifty, left a single canker-spot on his sweet and equable temper."

"It is no uncommon thing to see an old man with hair as white as snow; but never saw I but one—and that was poor Hartley—whose head was mid winter, while his heart was as green as May."

"Kick a donkey, or strike a child—particularly, if the child was but half saved—and you forfeited the good opinion of Hartley Coleridge for six months to come."

"I have heard of his rescuing a bairn (at the risk, of course, of being annihilated) from a terragant mother, and have seen him, with my own proper optics, clasp a tethered donkey round the neck."

"'That a stupid animal!' he burst out; 'the man who calls a brainless fellow an ass, is a brute, who insults his betters: look at his eye, sir: is not his eye the beau ideal of the βίος θεωρητικός, as his meek, down-hanging head is the type of resignation.'"

"'How do you do this morning?' said a lady to your brother."

"[Scene—My study. Time—About five years ago.]

"'As well, my dear madam,' was the reply, 'as can be expected; but my feelings have just sustained a dreadful shock. On looking over your library, I find 'Oliver Twist' cheek by jowl with the devout Dr. Isaac Barrow, while the volumes that should be together are, like noblemen and their wives, all living apart.'"

"Hartley undertook to reduce this chaos to κόσμος; but, unfortunately, selected, for the purpose of reaching the higher shelves, a chair with a loose seat, which, as such chairs are apt to do, let him, plunge! down to the ground."

"'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'I wish my poor father could but see me: he used to say that I could get through nothing; but, at all events, I am clean through this chair.'"

"'Have you ever taken notice,' said a barrister, in his hearing, and in mine too, 'that clergymen always marry for money, and lawyers for love?'"

"'No,' interrupted Hartley, 'I have never noticed anything of the kind, sir; but let us suppose the assertion true, and try if we can account for your remark. You marry for love—and well you may. Dishonesty, sir, must have an honest basis, or it falls to the ground from its own rottenness. You marry for love—and wisely; for on this single honest action you build a rogue's livelihood.'"

"Our friend, the barrister, thought it would be as well to let 'that little fellow' alone when he met him again. And now for an anecdote of a more serious cast."

"When your brother left Appleby, I accompanied him as far as Kendal, and we were, you may be sure, loth to part. By way of inducing him to tarry a little longer, I tried all sorts of persuasives, and, as a desperate expedient, proposed at last to put the clock back an hour."

"'Ah!' said he, 'put the clock back! By the bye, are you likely to write to Oxford soon? When you do, present my respects to Newman, Keble, or Pusey—I care not which—and tell them from me that is just what they are doing. They are putting the Church clock back; but, like you, they cannot put back the time of day with it. Still,' and this your brother added with solemn emphasis, 'still, mark one thing. I do not join the vulgar pack in hunting down these poor Oxford divines. I reverence them, as I reverence the noble and the honest. Their aim is not preferment; it is not popularity; but what they look upon as truth, and truth, too, for truth's sake. They court not the great, and, what is better still, they court not the many. They'll all die poor, and out of favour with the million.'"

"You may have heard your brother describe his metamorphoses; if so, the following specimen of broad fun will not be new to you."

"[Hartley loquitor, to any auditor you please.]

"'In the reign of the good Queen Bess, I was a donkey—donkey, as far as I remember—but we are not permitted to remember these things too distinctly; but donkey I believe I was to the Dean of Durham.'"

"'And a most kind and good master was the Dean to me. When the groom, and that was not unfrequently, robbed me of my due—the meal used to sell my oats and drink the money—the good old man would bring me an extra feed in his shovel hat.'"

"'I was the favourite animal, sir, of all his stud, and he always rode me himself—yes, he rode me himself. For be it remembered that deans is



these days, like the prophets of old, *did* ride their asses; and, what is more, they rode us in full canonicals.

"Now picture to yourself me and my old master.

"I can assure you that when he was mounted on my back, it was a most difficult thing, unless you had a discriminating eye in your head, to tell where the Dean ended and I began; into such a sublime compound animal did we blend. Well, sir, this went on for many many happy years, and I thought that I should have died a natural death in the service of a kind master.

"But it was not to be.

"A wicked H.B.—there are H.B.'s in all reigns—chanced to come to Durham on a visit; and oh! the wretch, if he did not caricature me and my poor old master.

"And what do you think he wrote under his cruel daub?

"CENTAUR NOT FABULOUS."

"He did indeed, and his joke was a fatal one to me. The Dean, sir, who, though a good-natured man, could never stand a joke at his own expense, had me shot, and so ended the happiest of my existences—my donkeyhood.

"I will not trouble you with all my metamorphoses, in the time of the Stuarts and during the Protectorate, but come down at once—for it is *apropos*—to the reign of George III. I had the offer, sir, I had—of being a donkey in the days of the third George; but I declined it.

"This was the era of donkeys, and I liked not then, as I like not now, to be one of a multitude. I declined the offer, sir, and for my obstinacy on that occasion—for I cannot account for my fate in any other way—I was condemned to be what you now see me—a man."

Our extracts have extended so far, we must delay till next week our further notice of these interesting volumes.

*England as it is, Political, Social, and Industrial, in the middle of the Nineteenth Century.* By William Johnston, Esq., Barrister at Law. In 2 vols. Murray.

ENGLAND as she is, the social, intellectual, moral, industrial condition of England in the first half of the present century! What a magnificent subject! The records of the human race do not present to the historian and philosopher in the career of any nation a period of such rapid yet well-sustained progress in material, social, and intellectual attainment, of such worldly prosperity, of such public spirit, of such energy and activity of mind and body, applied to useful undertakings, of such philanthropy in eminent men, and such industry, virtue, and peace among the humbler ranks of society. In all that raises a nation from a lower to a higher step in the scale of civilization, the England of this half century—from 1800 to 1851—has far out-stripped, in her advance, the England of the preceding—from 1750 to 1800,—although in that half century the national energies were not dormant. It is the great characteristic feature of this wonderful advance and change in our social condition since 1800 that the groundwork of all that is new and great in it is the same as that on which the old social condition stood. The foundations of the new England, as it may be called, of this half century, are laid on the same national vigour of character, good sense, and practical wisdom, on which the old England was erected. Our present social condition is not like the fantastic constitutions and social arrangements of the continental people, of the new France, or the new Germany, reared upon theories inapplicable to existing circumstances, and imposed on the country by the

sword and the fanatic, but is the natural progressive development of elements and circumstances inherent in our former social condition. It is the natural result of an advance from an older but similar state, the same principles but carried farther, improvement and change silently but steadily following progress; and it is only when the traveller stops, and looks back, that he is astonished, and perhaps alarmed, at the difference between all around him now, and all he can remember of half a century ago. We do not, therefore, look so distrustfully as this able writer upon the future results of the great political and social changes which the Reform Bill, the abolition of the corn laws, and the preponderance in our social and political affairs, of the manufacturing and commercial element over the agricultural, have a tendency to produce. We assure ourselves with the reflection, that great as these changes have been, and eventful as they still may be, they have been in long and gradual preparation in the public mind, have not been produced by any sudden fanaticism, or by violence and tumult, but have been the spontaneous growth and development of principles long established, and therefore cannot be formidable in their further progress. We comfort ourselves, too, with the consideration that owing to the happy temperament of mind, the good sense, sound judgment, and self-government of the English people—or from a special guidance of Divine Providence in all their affairs—customs, laws, and social arrangements, so faulty that in any other country they would produce confusion and anarchy, are made to work usefully, or at least innocuously, in the public affairs of England.

The eye of the contemporary writer is too near the object to take in the whole of our present social structure. He can only view and sketch detached portions, which the artist of a future generation, standing at a suitable distance from the scene, and its temporary interests and excitements, is in the true position to combine into a picture of the whole. Our author wisely abstains from the ambitious and, in our times, impracticable attempt to give a complete view of "England as it is in this half-century"—to grapple with "the condition of the people of England" question—to compare the past with the present political, social, and industrial state of the nation. But he has given the results of great research and ability in twenty-seven chapters, or rather unconnected essays, all bearing, more or less, on 'England as it is,' and furnishing materials and suggestions from which the future historian and the reader of the present day will derive much assistance and information. In these essays, the statistics of 'England as it is,' population, trade, the condition, sanitary, economical, and moral, of the population, the church, the law and its administration, pauperism, poor rate, taxation, education, crime, the press, railways, in short almost all the social interests and influences are treated of. The details of statistical information have been collected with great labour, and have the rare merit in statistical accounts that they may be read without fatigue. They are delivered as illustrations of the author's opinions, not in the pompous dogmatical style of many statistical writers, who employ their facts and figures only to support their own assertions and theories in political economy, but with an elegance of style and a sincerity which disarm, even when

they do not convince. The author is avowedly a protectionist, and a Puseyite; but the reader the most opposed to his views in political economy and ecclesiastical discipline, will derive pleasure and instruction from these essays. They are the productions of no ordinary mind.

The chapters or essays on the Church of England, church revenues and extension, church constitution and discipline, give the most lucid exposition we have met with of the arrangement of the Church of England, of its spirit and social action, of its actual state and influence, and of the differences which have arisen in it among its most able and sincere members. The great practical end which the, so called, Tractarian, or Puseyite, section of the clergy has in view is, that, in matters spiritual and doctrinal, the headship of the church should be supreme and independent of the state, and its authority exercised by its bishops and its convocation. In matters temporal regarding the church, the supremacy of the Crown, as head of the church and state, is not objected to by any who have not gone over entirely to papacy. Where the episcopalian church is not connected at all with the property, or laws, or social arrangements of a country, but is simply settled in it, and supported voluntarily by the inhabitants who belong to it, this disjunction of church and state is easily attained. The episcopalian church of Scotland, with its bishops, and deans, and parochial clergy, is altogether independent of the state in its spiritual and temporal affairs. The Free Church, with a body of clergy as numerous as that of the Established Church of Scotland, is also perfectly independent of the state; but these churches are also perfectly unconnected with the property and laws of the country. The practical difficulty of the Church of England in its assuming an independence of the authority of the state in spiritual matters, is in drawing any distinct obvious line between the spiritual and temporal affairs of man. They run into, and are interwoven with, each other. A bill, for instance, is before Parliament to legalize the marriage of a husband with his deceased wife's sister, and, as law must be even-handed to both sexes, legalizing, in consequence, the marriage of a widow with her deceased husband's brother. The uncle would thus become the stepfather and the guardian of the person as well as the property of the infant, to whom, as uncle, he is next heir. The legislature will consider the legal expediency and social advantage of altering the present law. A church independent of the state in spiritual matters would justly maintain that the grounds on which marriage is established in a Christian community, are altogether scriptural and religious, and the admission or rejection of such marriages a spiritual matter coming under the jurisdiction of the church alone. The country would thus have two legislatures, the Parliament and the Convocation, which might, on many questions affecting property, be in direct opposition to each other, and without the possibility of drawing the line of separation between the provinces of each. It would not be easy to discover a question more purely doctrinal, and, to appearance, more entirely belonging to the jurisdiction of the church than that of baptismal regeneration; yet if Mr. Gorham had been deprived of his living for his opinions on that subject, the patron of that living would have suffered a legal injury, and the creditors, if any, the life assurers, and the family of the



presentee, a damage to their property or security by the decree of an ecclesiastical court on a metaphysical question, on which even bishops disagree. Two such jurisdictions cannot co-exist, and never did co-exist in any age or country. One or other was always predominant, the church or the state, and the anarchy and barbarism in the social life of the middle ages were the consequences of the struggle between the two powers. The experience of modern times shows that the state must be the supreme head of the church. The English nation is eminently monarchical and aristocratic in its spirit and prejudices. Its sympathies would scarcely go along with a body of clergy demanding an independent power, and a jurisdiction not subject to the supreme authority of the sovereign and the government, a state within the state, composed of divines assembled in convocation, with right to decide without appeal in matters included under the vague denominations of spiritual, doctrinal, or pertaining to the discipline and teaching of the church—denominations which might be stretched so as to include anything—and many of the body suspected by the public of a secret leaning towards Rome. It is not in 'England, as it is in the nineteenth century' that a return to the social arrangements of the fifteenth is to be effected.

Our author, though in his religion a Puseyite, and in his politics a protectionist, is, nevertheless, instructive and interesting, even to the reader prepossessed against his views. In his essay on population, and the occupations of the people, he incidentally exposes what may be almost called a fraud upon the public by the official persons employed in the census of 1841. It appears that, "in the returns of 1831 (the returns of the numbers and occupations of the people by the census of that year), out of 5,812,276 males of the age of twenty years and upwards, in Great Britain and Ireland, only 430,063 were returned as manufacturers, while the agriculturists were enumerated as 1,243,057 in Great Britain and 1,227,054 in Ireland, making together 2,470,111. Those engaged in trade, commerce, domestic service, and in labour not strictly either manufacturing or agricultural, were 2,297,137." In 1841, the war against protective duties on agricultural produce was raging. No means, right or wrong, were spared to excite the passions, prejudices, and intelligence or ignorance of the people to join the standard of the advocates for the total abolition of the corn laws. Among other means, the returns of the occupations of the people in the census of 1841 were tampered with. "In 1841," says our author, "the form of statement was changed; trades and manufactures were joined together in the summaries, and but two great classes were recognised—those who were actually engaged in agriculture, and those who were not." This was very clever—it had the effect of showing that the numbers engaged in agriculture, and with an interest in protective duties, were less than one-half of those classed as manufacturers, and consequently with an interest in the abolition of the Corn-laws. But was this as honest as it was clever? Is the village tradesman, the smith, the shoemaker, the wheelwright, living by the custom of the farmers and agricultural population, a manufacturer in the true sense and former official meaning of the term? Is he a man with interests opposed to those of the agricultural class by whom he lives? Is

the man who gains his living by making ploughs, shoeing horses, or cobbling shoes for ploughmen, not a man living by agriculture, and with common interests with his employers, as much as the ploughman himself? Could such be honestly classed by public servants, or commissioners, with the operatives in a cotton factory, or iron foundry, as part of a manufacturing population having an interest in the free import of corn, and to derive benefit from the expected results? It was an unworthy deception; it was the first attempt at what was afterwards called cooking accounts; and it met with its deserved reward. Statistical information fell at once in public opinion even below its real value. Nobody would read or listen to statistical details, which formerly were received as the dicta of supreme wisdom. It was said in the House of Lords "that anything may be supported by statistics;" and in the House of Commons, the late and still lamented Lord George Bentinck lashed the statistical twattlers out of their soporific roll-call of facts and figures, condensed and refuted their statements and arguments, and reduced them to a silence which they have not yet ventured to break. In the ensuing census, the effects of this depreciation in public opinion of the value and fairness of statistical returns will be felt. People are indifferent about the accuracy of the returns. They are looked upon as returns to serve a temporary political end; especially as the great and interesting point of the numbers in the population of Roman Catholics, Church of England people, Independents, Baptists, Presbyterians is not to be inquired into, and no columns are provided for this, the only statistical information at present of great interest and importance to the public.

It was in the twenty years between 1795 and 1815, a period of great prosperity to the agricultural class, that the landed interest lost their connexion with the great mass of the people employed in husbandry. Land was valuable. The labourer was no longer a direct tenant of the landlord, but held his cottage from the farmer, and his potato-land, cows keep, garden-ground, could not be spared by the farmer. The labourer in husbandry became, in many counties, a mere hired man on days' wages, on the same footing as the labourers in manufactures. He had his week's wages for his week's work, but none of the easements and perquisites of an agricultural labourer of former times; no allowance of wheat, or barley, or potatoes, in lieu of, or in addition to, wages. When the rate of his money wages fell, the cheap loaf was to him as great an object as to the manufacturing labourer; and, at the present day, the farm servant, or hind, is as strong an opponent as the labourer or operative in the cotton factory, to any protective duty that would raise the quartern loaf from fourpence to eight-pence. The Protectionists are thus left alone and unsupported, and as a class or section of the community, are reduced to the small body of land-owners and tenants. The interests of all the rest of the population are connected with the cheap loaf, although naturally, or at least in England as it was, and not as it is, a great majority of the labouring class would have been interested in, and clamorous for a protective duty.

In England as it is, the prosperity of the country in this half century,—its great advance in material, social, and moral well-being, cannot be denied; but it is alleged

this prosperity is confined to the higher or wealthy classes. The rich, it is said, are no doubt growing richer, but the poor are growing poorer. This is the text of the essays before us, and of many inferior publications.

It is surprising that it should not have occurred to a writer of such extensive views in political philosophy, and of such deep research, that the thing is impossible, the rich cannot be becoming richer, and the poor becoming poorer. It is a contradiction of ideas, if not of terms; it is not in the nature of things. If the rich are becoming richer, it is by employing their riches, by applying it to the purchase of labour from the poor. Riches will not increase and multiply like potatoes by being laid up in the earth, or in a cellar, or even in a bank, or mortgage. It is by the active employment of it in some kind of industrial enterprise employing the labour of the poor, and of which labour is the basis, that the rich are becoming richer. Machinery may no doubt save and supersede much common hand-labour, and a class of labourers may become poorer for a time. A crane upon a wharf, with two men to work it, may in ten minutes transfer a hogshead of sugar, or a puncheon of rum, from the hold of a vessel to the warehouse in the dock, and a few years ago it would have required ten men for half a day, and a wagon and horses to transport the same property to a less convenient place. But is the money, or portion of riches thus saved, laid up and not employed? It does not go to employ and pay the same ten men whose work and wages the machine supersedes, but it goes to employ other ten men, either for the merchant's profit or pleasure. If he does not want it himself he sends it to his banker, who finds people who will use it in the employment of labour, and will pay for the use of it. If the rich in a community are growing richer, the poor cannot be growing poorer, although some classes of the great body of working people may be growing poorer by the introduction of steam power and machinery in their particular kind of work, or branch of industry. But this is a social evil unavoidable in a country in which the useful and civilizing arts are in a progressive state, and it is attended with a greatly countervailing good. It is the main characteristic feature of England in this half century, that labour of skill, requiring mind, knowledge, intelligence, honesty, regularity, sobriety, and good conduct, is not only more in demand than in any former age, but is in such demand that the labourer possessing mere animal strength only, the ignorant brutish labourer of the last generation, will disappear from the social body in the next. Steam power and machinery are the real schoolmasters in this half century, exercising the intellectual faculties of the working man in every branch of industry, raising him from a mere working animal endowed with bodily strength, and two hands, to an intelligent thinking being with duties, and responsibilities in his work often of a very high and important kind, and rewarding his skill, intelligence, and conduct, with a rate of wages unknown in the last generation. It is the great social benefit of steam engines, railways, and machinery, that they have opened up to the labouring class in almost every branch of industry, innumerable employments in which the social virtues of intelligence, sobriety, regularity, good conduct, are highly paid, and lead to important situations. Compare the moral, intellectual, and economical state of the



labourers—viz., the postboys, stable-boys, ostlers, and coachmen, employed a few years ago in conveying travellers from London to Brighton or Dover, with that of the class now employed in the same work, and originally of the same class of people, viz., station-masters, engineers, engine-drivers, guards, porters, and believe, if you can, that the condition of the labouring class is not improving, that they are less intelligent, are earning less wages, and have worse prospects before them, than in the last generation. John Bull is apt, sometimes, to fancy himself ill, when there is nothing the matter in his body social. He is like the *Malade imaginaire*, who says, "I eat well, sleep well, and digest well, but that's all, doctor; that's all."

To the inquirer into the moral, intellectual, and material condition of the people of England in the half century just completed, this work of Mr. Johnston is both suggestive and satisfying. It not only raises the questions—but gives, in an entertaining style and spirit, the statistical facts, collected with great research and care, by which they may be solved.

*A Trip to Mexico; or, Recollections of a Ten Months' Ramble in 1849-50.* By a Barrister. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is a pleasant, readable book, telling in unaffected style how a gentleman went to Mexico, what he saw there, and how he came back. There is nothing new in it, nor is it enlivened by adventure; the traveller met with no hair-breadth escapes, and seems to have made himself tolerably comfortable throughout his journey; antiquities, history, and natural history are alike neglected—the more's the pity—yet the narrative will be read with interest, and may wile away not unprofitably an idle hour or two. We are told in it how ordinary people like ourselves move about and spend their time in Mexico; and everybody likes to know the ways of his neighbour, even though on the other side of the Atlantic.

The 'Barrister' takes to ship at Southampton, in a West India mail-packet, and crosses the Atlantic with scarcely an alarm or even a discomfort, saving an occasional ill-cooked dinner. He lands at Vera Cruz; meets with kindness and hospitality everywhere; looks about him for three weeks in the famous city of Mexico; visits mines and factories and fairs; spends six months happily among friends in the little town of Tepic; amuses himself by shooting wild ducks and wondering at armadillos and iguanas; sails in an American steamer, among a crowd of Yankee generals and colonels, in red worsted shirts, and trousers tucked inside their boots, to Panama; crosses the Isthmus, and finds his way back in the same snug but slow West Indian packet in which he started.

In Mexico, he passed through the country where pulque is made, tippie for which a taste must be acquired, though the Mexicans might retort the same remark were brown stout submitted to their judgment. We know some foreigners in Britain, however, who, were their expulsion proposed, might petition the House of Commons on account of their love of Barclay's Entire, after the example set by the old Spaniards in Mexico:—

"We passed through the centre of a district in which the Maguey, or large American Aloe, is extensively cultivated for the manufacture of Pulque. Pulque is the common drink of all Mexicans, and

answers to our beer, though more intoxicating. All who once get accustomed to the smell and taste, like it much, and it is even said to become necessary to people, after they have used it for many years. When the Republic was first established, many old Spaniards threatened with expulsion, petitioned the National Assembly to allow them to remain in Mexico, the groundwork of the petition being that they had been so long accustomed to drink Pulque (not procurable in Spain), that their lives would be endangered if they left it off. The manner of making this drink is as follows: When the aloe is just on the point of throwing up its huge stem from its coronet of leaves, deep amidst which its broad basis had been for some time forming, the farmer or gardener scoops out the whole pith, leaving the outer rind, and thus making, inside the circle of leaves, a bowl-like cavity about two feet deep and eighteen inches wide, according to the size of the plant. This cavity is soon filled with the sap which should have gone to nourish the stalk, and as it flows is removed several times daily for some months, or as long as the tap yields. A portion of this juice (called honey-water, *aguamiel*) is set apart to ferment and act as a sort of leaven or yeast for the rest. This is called *Madre-Pulque*, the mother of pulque, and when completely prepared (which it is in about a fortnight), a small portion of it is added to the skins or tubs containing the fresh *aguamiel*, and sets it fermenting in a day or so. A large plant is said to yield from ten to fifteen pints daily, and this for months. Others vary the process by putting a small quantity of *mescal* into the cavity in the plant to mix with the sap as it flows in; and this seems to answer very well. This process of milking the Aloe is, as might be expected, a fatal one to the plant, but before it dies it always throws out shoots which keep up the stock. The fermentation is usually conducted in skins, and as soon as this is over the Pulque is fit for drinking. To strangers both the taste and smell are horrible, something of the style of rotten eggs; but one soon gets accustomed to the flavour. The fresh sap, or *aguamiel*, is often drunk unprepared, but it is too humble a tippie to be generally patronised.

"These Aloes are often of immense size. The common leaves are eight or ten feet in length, more than a foot in width, and thick in proportion. The stem often shoots up to twenty or thirty feet or more, and is as thick as a man's body."

What would our dandy coachmen and footmen of London say to the aspect of their representatives in 'the drive' of Mexico?—

"The chief delights and amusements of the Mexicans of the upper class are the theatre and the Paseo or carriage promenade. The latter is thronged every day, between five and six, with carriages and riders; the carriages, many of them, very good, and well-appointed, but drawn mostly by mules, and, except on Sundays and feast-days, rendered ridiculous by the blackguard aspect of the servants. I have actually seen a handsome carriage, containing elegantly-dressed ladies, with a dirty rascal behind wearing a jacket, and with trousers embellished by a vast aperture in the most conspicuous part of them. On the days I have mentioned, however, all the servants come out in livery; but from not knowing how to put it on or keep it clean, their appearance is not greatly improved. The Paseo might, with a little care, be made a pleasant place enough; but to reach it, one has to pass some horridly-odoriferous refuse heaps; and the drive itself is either drowned in mud or ankle-deep in dust. The watering part is done by convicts, whom I have seen chained together by the half-dozen, sluicing the road with water from buckets, as if it were the deck of a ship."

Should any of our readers feel inclined to pursue the route of our traveller, the following account of the inns he encountered may be serviceable, and induce preparation beforehand:—

"In travelling, as I was now doing, it is necessary to carry everything with you that you may be

likely to want. I did not know this when I left Guadalajara, and fancied that by bringing my bed I had done all that was necessary. I found out, however, that knives, forks, washhand-basins, &c., were luxuries unknown on the road, and I was at first put to some straits for want of such articles. On arriving at the Meson, or inn, which only professes to furnish food for the animals, you ask for a room, and are shown into a place with four brick or adobe walls, and containing a few boards placed on a frame; this is the bed. Possibly there may be a table, but never any more superfluous furniture. You ask what can be had for dinner, and, if possible, a fowl is caught and killed, if not you must put up with eggs, always procurable, tortillas (maize-cakes), tomatoes, chiles, and frijoles (beans). Therefore let any of my friends who read this, and may be disposed to travel in Mexico, carry with them necessary supplies of everything;—chocolate alone excepted, which is always to be had.

"It is but justice, however, to say, that the servants you take with you, or *mozos*, are the most attentive fellows in the world, and will get you anything that is to be had in the village, even at the sword's point, if necessary. They perform for their master of the time being, all the offices of valet, chambermaid, boots, waiter, and groom, and not unfrequently cook. As a whole, they are most honest and agreeable people, and if one is lucky, as I was, to meet with good *mozos*, they are invaluable."

These, however, are not the most serious unpleasantnesses to be looked for in Mexico. Jack Sheppards and highwaymen of every grade are reputed to be common. Our 'Barrister' was so fortunate as not to meet with any brigand inclined 'to take the law off' him, though he had an occasional half-crown to pay for an escort; it was his fate, however, to see one villain unhanged, and another, less lucky, shot. As his professional sympathies were roused in the former case, the scoundrel being a lawyer-side, we think it not at all improbable that the precautions he adopted for eventually bringing about the regular course of justice, in however irregular and transatlantic a form, have before this taken effect.

"Before I left Tepic my attention was one day drawn to a ruffian-looking fellow, holding his horse at the door of a house, and who, I was credibly informed, was known to have committed, it was said, twenty-five murders—at all events more than one. He had for some time been the leader of a band of robbers on the Guadalajara road, and, whilst exercising his vocation in that quarter, had most wantonly cut the throats of a lawyer of that town, of his wife, and two or three children. The poor man was only going to spend his Sunday in the country, and had purposely left his purse at home; owing to which oversight he and his family were all killed by this villain out of mere spite. By pursuing this vocation some time the ruffian acquired a good deal of money, and retiring from public life, established himself as an honest soapboiler, in the neighbourhood of Guadalajara. An unlucky creditor called one day, whilst my friend was making soap, and requesting the settlement of his small account, was incontinently pitched into the boiler, and went the way of the 'poor workhouse boy.' For one, if not both of these murders, this villain was tried, and the crime clearly proved, but he showed the trying judges cogent reasons why he was not in a fit state to be shot, and he escaped accordingly. When I saw him with some others, nearly as bad as himself, he was about to proceed to California, where I hope he has been lynched long ago. If he has not, it is not my fault, as I gave his name and described his appearance and character to some worthy Yankees I subsequently met in an American steamer, and they promised to bear him in mind on their return to California.

"Justice, however, once in a way, does overtake some of them. I myself saw one man shot who had committed seven murders, and had been tried



before; but then he was rich. Alas, in an evil hour when poor, he chopped up with his axe a passenger who wished to cross the Rio Santiago where he was ferryman. His comrade assisted at the murder, and afterwards turned Queen's, or I presume they would call it in Mexico, President's evidence; and the ferryman having no ready cash by him, was convicted. The culprit having passed the two previous days and nights in what is called *capilla ardiente*, having a priest always with him, was brought down to the common by the river, and a square being formed of mounted national guards, he was fastened in a sitting position to a cross placed against an adobe wall, and shot by a party of national guards. They fired within ten paces, and the man died at the first discharge, though they kept on firing as long as the least motion was perceptible. Comparatively very few people were present at this spectacle, and I saw one carriage containing ladies, which I thought would have been better away. Probably the lady reader may think, I should have staid away too. If it is any consolation to her, I arrived late and did not see the unfortunate man until unbound from the cross quite dead."

In these unromantic days everybody is aware that dragons have ceased (except in pantomimes) to eat up common people and crunch the armour of knights. What they *do* live upon, now they are no longer cannibals, we were not sure of until we read the following authentic notice of the source of their nourishment in Mexico:—

"Whilst stopping here, Her Majesty's Consul started off with his rifle to have a shot at a venerable alligator, which was basking in the sun on the sand by the side of an estero. The unfortunate brute had eaten his last dog, and died in two shots, both of which struck him full in the back and in the middle of the scales, though I had always understood these to be impenetrable. For my especial edification the beast was lazoed and dragged out of the water, to which he had retreated on receiving his death-wound. He was ten feet long, and furnished with a prodigious row of teeth, with which, in his death agonies, he nearly took off the leg of one of the mozos. My friend was waited upon by a deputation of ladies from the nearest village, who felicitated him upon destroying the venerable monster who for many months had lived upon their pet dogs."

How happy such an alligator would be in Regent Street!

If our 'Barrister' travels again and writes another book, he would do well to keep notes, and also before he starts to acquire such a knowledge of natural history as would render his sporting propensities serviceable to science and more amusing to himself. Nor should he ramble through a land like Mexico without telling us more of the traces of its ancient inhabitants, and the localities rendered classical as the scenes of the wondrous exploits of the old conquerors and their leader, Cortes, the most chivalrous of adventurers.

*Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino, illustrating the Arms, Arts, and Literature of Italy from 1440 to 1630.* By James Dennistoun, of Dennistoun. 3 vols. 8vo. Longmans.

[Second Notice].

THE long and prosperous reign of Federigo, second duke of Urbino, was terminated by his death on the 10th of September, 1482. His son and successor, Guidobaldo, was only ten years of age at the time of his father's death. He inherited all the noble qualities of Federigo's character. He was a kind and affectionate husband, a just and beneficent ruler, and a warm and discriminating patron of literature and art. His feeble health (for he was from an early age a martyr to the

gout) prevented him from following in the steps of his father's military career; but he was in consequence led to cultivate the more assiduously those mental resources with which nature had largely endowed him, and which proved a solace to himself and an ornament to his age. In his early boyhood he acquired a knowledge not only of the Latin, but also of the Greek language, which was then a comparatively rare accomplishment; and he is said to have so thoroughly mastered the difficulties of the latter, as to write it with freedom and Attic grace. Although left a minor, in an age when so much of the success and even the security of a petty sovereign depended on his personal qualifications, the early years of his reign passed by undisturbed; and it was not till his maturer years that his life and his throne were exposed to danger from the insatiable ambition of Alexander VI. and his infamous son Cesare Borgia. The accession of the former to the papacy in 1492 forms a new era in the history of Italy.

"We have now reached a period when our narrative must be extended, and must include those great events which, besides revolutionising almost every state in Italy, ultimately affected the political relations of Western Europe. The fiery natures and turbulent spirits of the Italian republicans and condottieri had for many years expended their energies in petty broils and intestine struggles for mastery. Henceforward the bloody drama was to be varied by the introduction of a new class of actors; the battles of European ambition were to be fought on the sunny plains of the Peninsula; her flourishing cities were to be the spoil equally of victor and vanquished: the protracted struggle was destined to leave her strength prostrated, her wealth wasted, her nationality extinguished, her treasures of art defaced, the character of her people degraded, their political independence destroyed. Although, from 1466 to 1494, Italy had never remained very long free from intestine commotions, the seat of serious warfare was during that interval removed to Hungary, Turkey, and the Levant, and she enjoyed a comparative repose, under the balmy influence of which, letters and the liberal arts rose to high perfection. The invention of printing, the study of the classics, the revival of ancient literature and philosophy, the cultivation of vernacular poetry, and the adoption of these tastes at many of the minor courts, all tended to this happy result.

"Under this prosperous state of things the condition of the Peninsula is thus eloquently described by her Thucydides:—'Reduced to profound peace and tranquillity, cultivated on her sterile and rugged sites as in her more fertile districts, swayed by none but native masters, not only did her population, commerce, and wealth abound, but she was rendered gloriously eminent by the magnificence of her many princes, by the splendour of her numerous noble and fair cities, and by the seat and sovereignty of religion; whilst her celebrity was maintained among all nations by the men whom she produced of high capacity for public affairs, of elevated genius and acquirements in each branch of learning, and every liberal or useful art, as well as of military fame not unworthy of their age.' This was indeed her golden era, but the pure metal was henceforward to be tarnished. The middle ages, during which the civilisation of Europe had centred within her shores, were now passed away: modern history was about to open, and with it her subjugation. She had to learn, on a greater and more impressive scale, the lesson which her annals have too often afforded, and as her old republics had fallen one by one from want of union, so, at this juncture, her states, failing in mutual good faith, became an unresisting prey to the spoiler. She was in truth on the eve of that fearful struggle which, after trampling for half a century on her energies, left her to all intents at the mercy of those northern powers whom she deemed barbarians. Their armies had heretofore descended into her plains to fight

under her banners and to receive her pay; henceforward they warred on their own account, though not less at her expense: formerly her mercenaries, they were in future her foes."

The feuds of the great barons of Rome, and the condition of the Campagna at this period, and its subsequent desolation, have employed the pens of many writers; but we must not omit Mr. Dennistoun's description, as it is one of the most favourable specimens of his style.

"The Colonna and the Orsini had long been most prominent and influential among the great barons of Rome. The authority which they exercised over their fiefs in the Campagna was to all intents sovereign. They alternately wasted that fair land with their mutual broils, or bearded their ecclesiastical over-lord in his capital. Those who have journeyed from Monterosi to Albano along the lonely plain which, curtained by the Sabine mountains and the Alban hills, stretches far around the Eternal City, or have cantered for miles and miles across its vast expanse of undulating sward in solitude and stillness; who have marked its rich vegetation running wild in the most genial of European climes, its melancholy lines of interrupted aqueducts witnessing to a long-degraded civilisation, its distant and dilapidated watch-towers telling only of former forays, its few isolated dwellings sheltering beneath crumbled walls and broken battlements the units of a scanty and squalid population; and who, to account for the spell of such a singular desolation, conclude that this dreary waste has been depopulated by the course of nature; such may wonder to hear that the mischief and misery are chiefly the act of man. The calm serenity of these forlorn downs becomes deeply touching from remembering that the soil was for centuries sodden with blood, and covered with smouldering ruins; that European civilisation there was nurtured, there waned, and there struggled into a second life, amid the din of battles, the devastation of armies, the rapine of banditti; that its long grass springs from the grave of ancient refinement, of classic memorials, of mediæval strife.

"In the middle ages much of the Campagna was fertile, and peopled by an industrious peasantry. Its undulating slopes waved with abundant crops, varied and sheltered by venerable woods, which the Goths and Vandals of former centuries had spared. But incessant civil feuds proved more fatal than barbarian hordes. The Ghibelline Colonna, from their fortresses of Marino and Palestrina, watched the fitting moment to pour their armed retainers on the plain, and, crossing the Tiber, carried fire and sword, through the estates of their rivals, to the very gates of Bracciano. The Guelphic Orsini waited for revenge only till the ripened harvest had prepared for them a golden spoil in their foemen's fields. Year after year did this miserable partisan-warfare ravage those devoted lands, till the peasantry by degrees were exterminated, or driven to seek a livelihood in some more tranquil spot; till of their smiling homes no stone remained upon another, except where, at long intervals, the farm buildings were turned by these men of blood into fortresses, or the tombs of the dead were desecrated into defences for the living. A soil teeming with fertility under a burning sun, and abandoned by man, ran to rank vegetation, which, gradually choking the water-courses, generated miasma. The evil, thus commenced, was augmented by cutting down the trees which shadowed the burning earth, and, not unfrequently, covered a hostile ambush. But the crowning mischief was the rash destruction of a vast forest which, extending between the Campagna and the sea, excluded the malaria that brooded over the Mediterranean coast from Leghorn to Mola di Gaeta. Once admitted, that fearful scourge took possession of the depopulated territory, which has ever since remained a puzzle to the physiologist, a mystery to the moralist, a terror to all. At no period had the feuds of the Colonna and Orsini been more virulent than during the feeble reign of Innocent, when their armed bands had more than once



scoured the streets of Rome, and overawed the papal government. The Savelli, the Frangipani, and the Gaetani, those great families who, a century or two before, had been their rivals, were no longer able to cope with them, and the lesser barons of the Comarca sought protection and employment by ranging themselves as their respective partizans. To humble these rampant houses was thus the natural policy of the successors of St. Peter, and especially of Alexander VI., who soon devoted his ambition and his authority to provide temporal sovereignties for his illegitimate progeny. His ruthless proceedings, and the changes which ensued over the whole country, at length effectually quelled the lawless turbulence of these chiefs; but it was too late to remedy the ruinous havoc which their insatiate strife had occasioned."

It would lead us too far away from our immediate object to attempt to give any account of the important political events which occurred during the reign of Alexander VI., or of the deeds of shameless lust and revolting crime which have consigned his pontificate to everlasting infamy. Of these the reader will find a full and interesting account in Mr. Dennistoun's narrative. The great object of the ambition of Cesare Borgia was to establish for himself an independent sovereignty in central Italy. Energetic in character, and employing alternately force and fraud, he succeeded in obtaining possession of Romagna, the dukedom of which was conferred upon him by the Pope. He next treacherously seized Urbino, and compelled Guidobaldo to seek safety in flight. The death of Alexander in the following year (1503) enabled the duke to return to his capital, where he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the inhabitants. The remainder of his reign was peaceful. The elevation of his relative and confidential friend Julius II. to the pontifical throne secured him the favour of the papal court. In 1504, he was named Gonfaloniere of the church, and about the same time he was elected a Knight of the Garter of England. He died in 1508, leaving no children, and was succeeded in the dukedom by his nephew Francesco Maria. The character of Guidobaldo is thus summed up by Mr. Dennistoun:—

"Gifted by nature with talents of a very high order, he cultivated them in early youth with an application rare indeed in his exalted rank, and a success which his marvellous memory tended alike to facilitate and to render permanent. In times singularly productive of military heroes and men of letters, he emulated the celebrity of both, and had health permitted him a prolonged and active career, he might, in the ever-recurring battle-fields of Italy, have equalled the renown left by his father and earned by his successor. But,

In an age  
Of savage warfare and blind bigotry,  
He cultured all that could refine, exalt,  
Leading to better things."

and, when disabled from the profession of arms, he fell back with fresh zest upon his youthful studies, and drew around him men whose converse harmonised with these tastes. To say that his learning was unequalled among the princes of his day is no mean compliment. His palace became the asylum of letters and arts, over which he gracefully presided. Aldus Manutius, in dedicating to him editions of Thucydides and Xenophon, addressed him in Greek, of which he was so perfect a master as to converse in it with ease. To the latter of these historians the Duke was very partial, calling him the siren of Attica. Among his other favourite classics, Castiglione names Lucian, Demosthenes, and Plutarch; Livy, Tacitus, Quintus Curtius, Pliny, and the Orations of Cicero. Most of these he knew intimately, and recited entire passages without reference to the book. But besides these selected authors, he is said to have made himself acquainted with almost every branch of human knowledge then explored. Nor

were religious studies omitted. The history, rites, and dogmas of the Church are mentioned among the topics familiar to his versatile genius; St. Chrysostom and St. Basil were among his chosen books.

"The great endowments he thus admirably developed were united with a disposition represented as nearly perfect, at all events as exempted from the failings most perilous to princes. The bad passions which opportunity and indulgence have, in all ages, rendered peculiarly fatal to those whose will is law, were almost strangers to his breast. Prone to no vicious indulgences, he was ever kind and considerate, as well as just and clement. He may, in short, be regarded as that rarest of all characters, an unselfish despot,—despot as regarded the possession of absolute power, but not so in its use. The nobility had nothing to dread from his jealousy or his licentiousness; the citizens were spared oppressive imposts; the poor looked up to him as a sympathising protector. In short, we may pronounce him a magnanimous, a most accomplished, and, so far as erring man is permitted to judge, a blameless prince."

The life of Guidobaldo occupies the third book of Dennistoun's history. The fourth book, which contains the history of literature and art under Federigo and his son Guidobaldo, appears to us the most valuable part of the whole work. It opens with a general view of the literary characteristics of the fifteenth century.

"The reigns of Dukes Federigo and Guidobaldo I. extended over a period which general consent has regarded as the most brilliant in Italian history, and which we have repeatedly named its golden age. High expectations are naturally entertained of literature, arts, and general refinement in a cycle of such pretension. We look for a rapid advance of thought in paths of learning and science whence during long centuries it had been excluded. We anticipate a widely disseminated zeal for classic writers, an eager rivalry to outstrip them in branches of speculative knowledge, which they especially cultivated. We imagine the imitative arts revived under the influence of new and more exquisite standards. And we reckon upon the diffusion of a taste and capacity for enjoying those things among classes hitherto excluded from such intellectual enjoyments. In each of these expectations the student of literary history will be gratified; yet there are several sorts of composition which, if separately examined, offer disappointing results, and scarcely a single work written during the fifteenth [century] has maintained universal popularity. The explanation is easy. This age was one of unprecedented intellectual activity, when men's minds were devoted to the acquisition of knowledge which they had laboriously to hunt out, and doubtfully to decipher. They had to cut for themselves tracks through an unexplored region, without grammars or commentaries to serve them as guides and landmarks. The toilsome habits thus formed were forthwith exercised for the benefit of subsequent investigators, and were applied to smoothing the path which they had themselves penetrated. Thus was it that the first successful scholars became grammarians and commentators. Surrounded by ample stores of intelligence, they had no occasion to cultivate new germs of thought. Their first object was to secure and render accessible the treasures which antiquity had unfolded to them; their next, to elaborate them in varied forms, to reproduce them in the manner most congenial to their intellectual wants. Thus they became more industrious than original, laborious rather than creative. Again, those who, on entering the garden of knowledge, thought of its fruits rather than of its approaches, instead of seeking the reward of their toils among the fair mazes of poetry and belles lettres, aimed at more arduous rewards, and climbed the loftiest and most slippery branches in search of golden apples. The harvest of scholastic philosophy which they thus gathered in may seem scarcely worthy of the fatigues given

to its acquisition; but from the seeds so obtained, cultivated and matured as they have been by many after labourers, a copious and healthful store of intellectual food has been secured for subsequent generations. The work performed by these pioneers of learning and truth was, however, more calculated to crush than to inspire that more elastic fancy which preferred the flowery mead to the tree of knowledge. The spirit of the age was ponderous and prosaic, and the few who attempted to rise above its denser atmosphere into poetic regions were clogged by the trammels of a dead language, and by obsolete associations which they dared not shake off. The fifteenth century was consequently rich in scholars, copious in pedants, but poor in genius, and barren of strong thinkers."

The number of separate and independent states in Italy was favourable to the cause of learning.

"The feeble hold which the popes retained over their temporal power during their residence at Avignon, and during the great schism, promoted the independence of the ecclesiastical cities, many of which then passed under the dominion of domestic tyrants, or assumed the privileges of self-government. In either case the result was favourable to an expansion of the human mind. The sway of the seigneurs, being based on no such aristocratic machinery as supported the fabric of feudalism, threw fewer obstructions in the way of individual merit. The popular communities could only exist by a diffusion of political and legislative capacity, and the commercial enterprises to which they in general devoted their energies increased at once the demand for public spirit and its production. Even those intestine revolutions to which democracies were especially subject contributed largely to the same end; for, although in such convulsions the dregs of the populace often rise to the surface, talent, when backed by energy and daring, there finds extraordinary opportunities for display. Indeed, the multiplication of commonwealths, under whatever form of government, tended, in a country situated as the Ausonian Peninsula then was, to the development of intellect. Defended by the Alps and the sea from invasion, their physical and intellectual advantages constituted an influence which supplied the want of union and nationality. They thus could safely pursue their individual aims, and even indulge in rivalry and contests which, though perilous to a less favoured people, were for them incentives to a praiseworthy and patriotic exertion. Whilst the separate existence of these petty states was calculated to promote both political science and mental culture, it rendered the one subservient to the advantage of the other, and, in the multitude of official and diplomatic employments, literary men found at once useful occupation and honourable independence. Nor was this result limited to one form of government. If the tempest-tost democracy of Florence shone the brightest star in the Ausonian galaxy, the stern oligarchy of Venice shed an almost equal lustre in some branches of letters and art; and, on the other hand, the not less popular institutions of Pisa, Siena, and Lucca emitted but feeble and irregular coruscations. So also in the despotic states, whilst literature was ever cherished under the ducal dynasty of Urbino, and whilst it was favoured at intervals by the Sforza and Malatesta, the d'Este and Gonzaga, and by the Aragonese sovereigns of Naples, its genial influence was unknown in some other petty courts. Again, if we turn to the papal throne, we shall find the accomplished Nicolas, Pius, Sixtus, Julius, and Leo, sitting alternately with the Boeotian Calixtus, Paul, Innocent and Alexander. From an impartial review of Italian mediæval history, it appears that democratic institutions were by no means indispensable to the expansion of genius, since the progress of letters and arts was upon the whole nearly equal in the republics and the seigneuries, under the tyranny of a condottiere or the domination of a faction."

Our limits will not allow us to follow Mr. Dennistoun in his history of Italian art. W



can only afford space for his sketch of one of the most celebrated painters of the Umbrian school.

"FRA GIOVANNI DA FIESOLE had spent the years which other youths wasted on stormy pleasures in acquiring the art of miniature painting, and its sacred representations took such hold of his feelings, that, abjuring the world, he assumed the habit of St. Dominic. But finding that his art, far from interfering with the holy sentiments which a tender conscience considered as inseparable from his new profession, tended directly to spiritualise them, the neophyte continued to exercise it; and upon settling himself in the convent of S. Marco, he extended his style to fresco, ever adhering to those pure forms of celestial bliss which no one before or since has equalled. It is related of him that, regarding his painting in the light of a God-gift, he never sat down to exercise it without offering up orisons for divine influence, nor did he assume his palette until he felt these answered by a glow of holy inspiration. His pencil thus literally embodied the language of prayer; his compositions were the result of long contemplation on mystic revelations; his Madonnas borrowed their sweet and sinless expression from ecstatic visions; the passion of our Saviour was conceived by him in tearful penitence, and executed with sobs and sighs. Deeming the forms he thus depicted to proceed from supernatural dictation, he never would alter or retouch them; and though his works are generally brought to the highest attainable finish, the impress of their first conception remains unchanged. To the unimaginative materialism of the present day these sentences may seem idle absurdities, but they illustrate the character of Fra Giovanni, and no painter ever so thoroughly instilled his character into his works. Those who have not had the good fortune to see any of these cannot form an idea of the infantine simplicity, the immaculate countenances, the unimpassioned pathos apparent in his figures, nor of the transparent delicacy of his flesh-tints, and the gay and cheerful colouring which he introduces into the details, without injury to the angelic grace of the whole. These qualities procured for their author the epithet of Angelico; his personal virtues were acknowledged by an offer of the see of Fiesole, which his humility declined, and by the posthumous honour of beatification; his paintings, to borrow the words of Vasari, elevated the utmost perfection of nature to the ideal of art, by improving without abandoning its original type; and, in the characteristic language of Michael Angelo, he must have studied in heaven the faces which he depicted on earth."

The immortal Raffaele was a native of Urbino, and Mr. Dennistoun has devoted two chapters to an account of his life, and to an examination of his works; but respecting this greatest of all painters, "silere melius putamus quam parum dicere," as Sallust said respecting Carthage.

In another notice we hope to conclude our account of the Dukes of Urbino.

*Two Generations; or, Birth, Parentage, and Education.* By the Earl of Belfast. 2 vols. Bentley.

Who shall question the progressive tendencies of the age, or the contagion of good example? The beloved and admired representative of 'all the Howards' deems it no descent from his high station, nor derogatory to a Minister of State, to devote a moment, snatched from the cares of office, to the recreation and instruction of his humbler brethren of the great working class, by consecrating the graces of his own fine taste and classical wit to the illustration of the genius and writings of the wittiest of our poets. The ducal 'Campbell' rises from geological discoveries and ecclesiastical treatises, to teach high truths to

crowded institutes. In the meanwhile the Earl of Belfast has found time between—what shall we say?—a *petit souper* and a new fantasia, to perpetrate—an inoffensive novelette. So we find our present author serving us up a *réchauffé* of intrigues, suicides, duels, murder, and sudden death, more or less freely translated and skilfully adapted from the French originals, of which they are pale, reduced copies; but how destitute of the powerful dramatic grouping, the terse, epigrammatic dialogue, the polished keenness of the wit, the fine and bitter irony, the merciless dissection of character and motive, and the occasional gleams of almost philosophical reflection with which many of the much abused and industriously ransacked pages of the better French romancists absolutely teem! No wonder that our small writers are so fond of inveighing against French novels! for who would prefer a reduced copy to the original picture? These remarks, we need not say, apply specially to a class of productions of which the 'Two Generations' may be accepted as a type, and which remind us of those non-descript *francisé* English women, who may be met with from one end of Europe to another, for ever hanging on to the skirts of unrecognised aristocracies. The works of our great national novelists, from Fielding and Goldsmith to Dickens and Thackeray, are as truly English in life, manners, and language, as they are European in reputation.

The Earl of Belfast, in common with most young aspirants to the literary 'spurs,' squanders the first-fruits of his wit and imagination with all the impetuous prodigality of an *enfant prodigue*. Doubtless he has found his inspirations difficult to contain for the first time; and like a 'biennial' at Newmarket, he is too young and eager to make a 'waiting race' of it. The fact is, said a *confrère*, in praising the marvellous fertility of J. Janin: "Il n'est pas difficile d'avoir l'inspiration une fois, deux fois; mais toutes les fois, mais sans cesse!" Happy condition of the young voluntary neophyte! His brow aches not for weekly pence, by the page! He knows not, like 'those poor scribbling fellows,' (as we once heard a noble author call literary men,) the necessity of economy—even of brains! What does he write for?—a little more *éclat* in a secret circle of believers. Two metaphors—perhaps a third, if we had wit enough to make it out—in a page and a half of preface! "These little creatures of my brain who now leave their native place to sail the sea of life," become, when you turn over the leaf, "intrepid ducklings," to whom his lordship acts as a "hen-mother." He is also a "showman," whose puppets, suddenly struck by "Promethean fire" with life and volition, "stalk contemptuously from him, and march off to seek their fortunes in the wide, wide world." After telling us that he has been "used to pull the wires," and "has rejoiced in their (the puppets') happiness, and sorrowed in their misfortunes," (our readers must distinguish between the mortal and 'immortal part of me') he adds, with a strong intention of pathos, if we may judge by the notes of admiration, "but now the iron hand of the press has wrested them from my hold. They have plunged headlong into the terrible machinery of the printing office. A terrible act of self-immolation. Is then the Republic of Letters so lost as to need his lordship for a new Curtius? The next sentence, armed with yet another metaphor, rids us of the fear, and absolves the author from the vanity

of the imputation. "They have not feared the two-edged sword of criticism, that may destroy them at one blow!" To resume. Here we have his lordship figuring as a bereaved incubator of marine ducklings (for they sail the sea of life): a showman, a prisoner, a Curtius, and lastly as a sort of soldierly puppet. The author expresses a fear, fortified by a quotation, that his preface will remain unread. We have done our best to disabuse him of the apprehension. We have 'plunged headlong' into the stream, if we have not the courage to repeat the dip. It would be most unfair to relate the story of 'Two Generations,' for it is all 'plot,' and nothing else. There is no lack of action and movement, whatever may be said on the score of invention. We suspect the writer must have had an eye to some future opera in composing this tale. The first chapters, comprised under the title, vague and ominous enough for all purposes, of 'The Beginning of the End,' remind us of nothing so much as an overture, introducing all the principal *motifs* of the 'Two Generations.' That our readers may not deem us insensible to the more forcible characteristics of our young 'composer,' we will just tell them what they may expect in the way of incident; and as we know that the majority of persons addicted to books of this description prefer excitement to philosophy, and action to sentiment, we shall not affect their interest in the work by the following brief 'chapter of accidents.' Coach upset; general crash. Death of a lady and arrest of her husband by implacably business-like bailiffs in the very house of death. Adultery discovered; a duel and a homicide—we had almost written murder. A death in childbed and a posthumous birth. Death of a clergyman's wife (only a supernumerary) by consumption; and of her husband by malignant fever. Death of a gentleman by a fall in the hunting-field. Death of his wife, the same night, from the shock. Premature confinement, another posthumous birth. Suicide of Captain St. Meurice, after losses in railway speculations. Brutal and cowardly attack on a defenceless governess by a drunken libertine. Fratricidal duel, arrested by the father, who declares to his sons their common parentage. Death of the said father after receiving from one of his sons, who finds himself disinherited, this truly filial farewell, 'God's curse and mine be upon your head.' Suicide of said son. Total: two duels, and one un-justifiable homicide; six deaths, more or less premature or violent; two suicides, and two posthumous births; one adultery. We are glad to think that this simple recital will make ample amends with a very large class of readers for any apparently unfavourable criticism. Surely a young author, who, in less than 600 pages of about sixteen lines each, one of every six or seven pages being employed to convince unbelievers of the deep and discursive learning of the writer by a perfect florilegium of quotations on all sorts of subjects from all sorts of authors, sacred and profane,\* can dispose of so many erring mortals, 'with all their imperfections on their heads,' has a right to our awe, if not to our respect, for so terrible and Nero-like a gift. But impartial criticism pauses to inquire, with cold judicial smile,

\* Victor Hugo, Wordsworth, Sir W. Raleigh, Dryden, Petrarca, Shakspeare, Byron, Goethe, Burns, Emile Augier, Shenstone, Accily, Cowper, Terence, Young, Sir T. Pope, Blount, Chaucer, D'Alembert, Longfellow, Lamartine, La Rochefaucauld, Quarles, Vauvenagues, Cicero, A. de Musset, Cyril Tournau, and last, but not least, Homer's *Iliad*.



whether it be not a higher proof of strength in an author to keep alive and develop than to kill off, like rats, his personages? We have heard a distinction established between English and French medical practice, that 'the former kills you, and the latter lets you die.' The Earl of Belfast pursues either method with equal facility. There is not even an approach to the symmetry of art in the construction of the story, unless it be the high art usually exercised in the 'peculiar construction' of Surrey melodramas; or the art of the old-fashioned contredanse, which begins in the middle and terminates (we know not how) at the beginning. The excellence of a novel, according to its only true acceptance, consists in a subtle delineation of the multifarious phases of human character, passions, and motives, seen under divers aspects, and placed in circumstances and conditions which evolve, as it were by an unseen fatality, the faults and follies, the vices and virtues of the personages, to their natural results. For this treatment, mere 'situations' and catastrophes, often necessary and powerful as accidents, are the vulgarest and feeblest substitutes. In these pages we never lose sight of the wires which give motion to his Lordship's 'puppets,' and which he 'rejoices to pull.' On one side of a page we are told that a man is a villain, and on the other, hey presto! he proves the fact by a murder. A woman is weak and vain; and we are not slow to discover the misfortune of so fragile a temperament by her guilty flight. This hurry is the very negation of art, the contradiction of all skill, and the confession of either poverty of intellectual or artistic resources in an author. Scenes and persons are introduced which have nothing whatever to do with the story, unless it be to help to swell the pages and hopelessly to entangle the plot.

We think, however, we can discern in the midst of all these exaggerations, vanities, unvarnished, and flippancies, more than one glimpse of better things, and we will not conclude our notice of Lord Belfast's present literary indiscretions without a note of encouragement to labour in a higher and a better school.

*A Year on the Punjab Frontier in 1848-49.*  
By Major Herbert B. Edwardes, C.B.  
2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

[Second Notice.]

THE second volume of Major Edwardes's work contains an account of the outbreak of the second Sikh war, and of the brilliant operations against the enemy, by which he gained his well-deserved reputation. The origin of this war may be traced to an accident. Dewan Moolraj, the ruler of the ancient, wealthy, and populous city of Mooltan, was nominally subject to the Sikh government at Lahore, but had succeeded to his father's schemes of making his province an independent kingdom. The defeat of the Sikhs by the British in 1846, and the establishment of a British Resident at Lahore, with jurisdiction over the whole of the Sikh dominions, appear to have convinced Moolraj that he would be unable to carry his long-cherished purpose into effect; and he therefore came to the resolution of resigning his government. The British Resident pressed him to continue his charge; but as he continued firm in his determination, Sir Frederic Currie, who had succeeded Mr. Lawrence as Resident at Lahore, appointed a new Nazim

in his place, and sent two British officers, Mr. Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson, to receive the surrender of Mooltan, and instal the new Nazim in the government. Moolraj received the British officers courteously, showed them over the fort of Mooltan, and gave them the keys of the place. There is no reason to believe that Moolraj meditated treachery; but his soldiers were angry at the prospect of being thrown out of employment, and indignant at seeing their place surrendered to the hated foreigners. The catastrophe was occasioned by an accident.

"The cavalcade passed forth, and entered upon the bridge over the ditch. Two soldiers of Moolraj's were standing on the bridge. One of them, named Umeer Chund, gazed for a moment at the two unarmed Englishmen, who presumed to ride in and out of the great fortress Sawun Mull had made so strong; and brooding, perchance, over his own long services and probable dismissal, impatiently struck the nearest with his spear, and knocked him off his horse. Agnew, who was ignorant of fear, jumped up, and struck his assailant with the riding-stick in his hand. The ruffian threw away his spear, and rushing in with his sword, inflicted two severer wounds. He would probably have killed Mr. Agnew on the spot, had he not been knocked into a ditch by a horseman of the escort.

"The scuffle was now known; the crowd pressed round to see what was the matter; news was carried back into the fort that swords were out and going on the bridge; an uproar rose within, and in another moment the whole garrison would come pouring forth. Moolraj made no attempt to stem the tide, and rescue the Englishman who had come down, at his invitation, to Mooltan. He either thought only of himself, or was not sorry for the outbreak; and forcing his horse through the crowd, rode off to his garden-house at the Am Khas. Nor was this all: his own personal sowars turned back half-way, and pursued Lieutenant Anderson, who had as yet escaped. Who can tell now who ordered them? Whether Moolraj had left the fort an innocent but timid man, but had already, in the short space between his fortress and his house, felt that the die was cast—that none would believe him guiltless—that heaven itself seemed to rebuke him for abandoning his dead father's dreams of independence, and there was nothing now for it but to go on, complete the treachery, slay the other Englishman, and plunge into rebellion?—or whether, as their coward master fled along the road to the Am Khas, the horsemen laughing hellishly at the mischief now a-foot, determined to commit Moolraj still further, and so of their own will rode back?

"What moved them we can never know; but we know the fact that they sought out Anderson, attacked, and cut him down with swords; so that he fell for dead upon the ground, where he was found afterwards by some of his own Goorkha soldiers, who put him on a litter, and carried him to the Eedgah."

Moolraj now made up his mind to rebel. The Sikhs, who had accompanied the British officers to Mooltan, all deserted to the enemy, with the exception of eight or ten horsemen, and nought remained for the British officers but to die.

"Beneath the lofty centre dome of that empty hall (so strong and formidable that a very few stout hearts could have defended it), stood this miserable group around the beds of the two wounded Englishmen. All hope of resistance being at an end, Mr. Agnew had sent a party to Moolraj to sue for peace. A conference ensued, and, 'in the end,' say the Dewan's judges, 'it was agreed that the officers were to quit the country, and that the attack upon them was to cease.' Too late! The sun had gone down; twilight was closing in; and the rebel army had not tasted blood. An indistinct and distant murmur reached the ears of the few remaining inmates of the Eedgah, who were listening for their fate. Louder and louder it grew,

until it became a cry—the cry of a multitude for blood! On they came, from city, suburbs, fort; soldiers with their arms, citizens, young and old, and of all trades and callings, with any weapon they could snatch.

"A company of Moolraj's Muzubees, or outcasts turned Sikhs, led on the mob. It was an appalling sight; and Sirdar Khan Sing begged of Mr. Agnew to be allowed to wave a sheet, and sue for mercy. Weak in body from loss of blood, Agnew's heart failed him not. He replied: 'The time for mercy is gone; let none be asked for. They can kill us two if they like; but we are not the last of the English; thousands of Englishmen will come down here when we are gone, and annihilate Moolraj, and his soldiers, and his fort.' The crowd now rushed in with horrible shouts, made Khan Sing prisoner, and pushing aside the servants with the butts of their muskets, surrounded the two wounded officers. Lieutenant Anderson from the first had been too much wounded even to move; and now Mr. Agnew was sitting by his bedside, holding his hand, and talking in English. Doubtless they were bidding each other farewell for all time. Goodhur Sing, a Muzabee, so deformed and crippled with old wounds that he looked more like an imp than mortal man, stepped forth from the crowd with a drawn sword, and after insulting Mr. Agnew with a few last indignities struck him twice upon the neck, and with a third blow cut off his head. Some other wretch discharged a musket into the lifeless body. Then Anderson was hacked to death with swords; and afterwards the two bodies were dragged outside, and slashed and insulted by the crowd, then left all night under the sky."

Major (then Lieutenant) Edwardes was only five days' march from Mooltan at this time. Mr. Agnew had written for assistance immediately after the first affray related above.

"It was towards evening of April 22nd, 1848, at Dera Futteh Khan, on the Indus, that I was sitting in a tent full of Beloochee zumeendars, who were either robbers, robbed, or witnesses to the robberies of their neighbours, taking evidence in the trial of Bhowanee Sing, recounted in the first volume.

"Loud footsteps, as of some one running, were heard without, came nearer as we all looked up and listened, and at last stopped before the door. There was a whispering, a scraping off of shoes, and brushing off of dust from the wearer's feet, and then the *purdah* (curtain) at the door was lifted, and a *kossid* (running messenger), stripped to the waist and streaming with heat, entered and presented a letter-bag, whose crimson hue proclaimed the urgency of its contents. 'It was from the Sahib in Mooltan,' he said, 'to the Sahib in Bunnoo; but, as I was here, I might as well look at it.'

"I took it up, and read the Persian superscription on the bag: 'To General Cortlandt, in Bunnoo, or wherever else he may be.' It was apparently not for me, but it was for an officer under my orders, and the messenger said it was on important public service; I had, therefore, a right to open it if I thought it necessary. But there was something in the *kossid*'s manner, which alike compelled me to open it, and forbade me either to question him before the crowd around me, or show any anxiety about it.

"So I opened it as deliberately as I could, and found an English letter enclosed, directed to either General Cortlandt or myself. It was a copy taken by a native clerk of a public letter addressed to Sir Frederick Currie by Mr. P. Vans Agnew, one of his Assistants on duty at Mooltan, with a postscript in pencil written by Mr. Agnew, and addressed to us. The following is a copy:—

"Mooltan, 19th April, 1848.

"My dear Sir Frederick,—You will be sorry to hear that, as Anderson and I were coming out of the fort gate, after having received charge of the fort by Dewan Moolraj, we were attacked by a couple of soldiers, who, taking us unawares, succeeded in wounding us both pretty sharply.



"Anderson is worst off, poor fellow. He has a severe wound on the thigh, another on the shoulder, one on the back of the neck, and one in the face.

"I think it most necessary that a doctor should be sent down, though I hope not to need him myself.

"I have a smart gash in the left shoulder, and another in the same arm. The whole Mooltan troops have mutinied, but we hope to get them round. They have turned our two companies out of the fort.—Yours, in haste,

(Signed) "P. A. VANS AGNEW."

*"Postscript in Pencil."*

"My dear Sir,—You have been ordered to send one regiment here. Pray let it march instantly, or, if gone, hasten it to top-speed. If you can spare another, pray send it also. I am responsible for the measure. I am cut up a little, and on my back. Lieutenant Anderson is much worse. He has five sword wounds. I have two in my left arm from warding sabre cuts, and a poke in the ribs with a spear. I don't think Moolraj has anything to do with it. I was riding with him when we were attacked. He rode off, but is now said to be in the hands of the soldiery.

"Khan Singh and his people all right.—Yours, in haste,

"P. A. VANS AGNEW."

"19th, two P.M.

"To General Cortlandt, or

"Lieutenant Edwardes,

"Bunnoo."

"During the perusal of the above letter, I felt that all eyes were on me, for no one spoke, not a pen moved, and there was that kind of hush which comes over an assembly under some indefinite feeling of alarm. I never remember in my life being more moved, or feeling more painfully the necessity of betraying no emotion. After lingering over the last few sentences as long as I could, I looked up at the kossid, and said: 'Very good! Sit down in that corner of the tent, and I'll attend to you as soon as I have done this trial.' Then turning to the gaping moonshees, I bade them 'go on with the evidence,' and the disappointed crowd once more bent their attention on the witnesses. But from that moment I heard no more. My eyes indeed were fixed mechanically upon the speakers, but my thoughts were at Mooltan, with my wounded countrymen, revolving how I ought to act to assist them.

"In about an hour I had arranged the ways and means in my own mind, and that done, had no farther reason for concealment. I saw clearly what to do, and the sooner it was done the better."

We have given the preceding account at length, on account of its great interest, and of the graphic manner in which the events are narrated by our author. Our limits will not allow us to follow him in the details of the history of the events which followed. His position had become one of great difficulty and danger. His own troops, composed chiefly of Sikhs, were ready to desert him on the first opportunity; and it was owing solely to his energy and skill that the whole province did not fall into the hands of the rebels. By his personal influence he contrived to enlist on his side almost all the chiefs of the Mohammedan tribes of Puthans and Beloochees, and he was soon at the head of an army which enabled him to assume the offensive. By the two brilliant victories of Kineyree and Suddoosam, the former of which was fought on the 18th of June, and the latter on the 1st of July, he drove Moolraj into Mooltan, and kept him shut up in the city, till the arrival of the British troops under Major-General Whish. In co-operation with the latter, Major Edwardes laid siege to Mooltan, which was at length surrendered by Moolraj on the 22nd of January, 1849. With this event the work closes.

The account of the battle of Kineyree is one of the most interesting portions of the

second volume; but we can only afford space for part of the engagement. It is necessary to premise that the Doodpotras, the allies of the British, had been attacked by Moolraj's forces, and that Major Edwardes, leaving his troops behind him, under the command of General Cortlandt, on the other side of the Chenab, had ridden on with a few attendants to the scene of action, where he arrived just as his allies had been driven back in confusion by the rebels:—

"Seating myself under a bush, I wrote two short notes to General Cortlandt, informing him of our critical position, and my belief that I could hold it until three P.M., by which time he must send me guns, or the battle would be lost. \* \* \*

"They were written at eight A.M., and what I had engaged to do was to stave off Rung Ram's army for seven hours. Those seven hours I should never forget if I lived seven centuries.

"The firing on both sides continued for six hours without slackening; and though the Doodpotra artillery drew the heaviest of the enemy's fire on to the right of our line, yet my Puthans on the left got so much more than they had ever been used to in the petty raids of their own frontier, that they were continually springing up and demanding to be led on against the enemy. 'Look here,' they cried, 'and there, and there' (pointing to men as they were hit), 'are we to be all killed without a blow? What sort of war do you call this, where there is iron on one side, and only flesh and blood on the other? Lead us on, and let us strike a blow for our lives! If we are to die, let us die; but let us kill somebody first!'

"Then the officers crowded round, and every one thought he was a General; and 'if I would only listen to him' (pulling me by the sleeve to interrupt my rebuke to some one else), 'the battle would be mine.' But of all the advisers, I must do them the justice to say, that none counselled a retreat. Every voice was for attack. Foujdur Khan, and one or two others, alone supported my opinion, that we must wait for General Cortlandt's guns. Happily I had no doubt or misgiving in my own mind. I never had a clearer conviction in my life than I had that day that I was right, and they were wrong; and with a patience, which in the ordinary affairs of life I never had possessed, I strove hour after hour to calm that rash and excited throng, and assure them that when the proper moment should arrive, I myself would lead them on.

"And so I sat out those seven hours, under a June sun, with no shade but that of a bush, and neither a drop of water nor a breath of air to lessen the intolerable heat.

"A little after two P.M. the Doodpotras began to slacken the fire of their artillery; and, as I afterwards learnt, Futteh Muhommud, Ghoree, without giving me any information, and without any sort of necessity, gradually withdrew his own line, beginning with the right, and commenced falling back upon the river.

"The ground we held all day was covered with jungle, which both screened and protected us so long as we lay down. No sooner, however, did the Doodpotras retire, than the enemy from their high post at Noonar detected the movement, and determined to follow up their advantage.

"Slowly their infantry and artillery were disengaged from the village of Noonar, and their cavalry employed the interval in reconnoitring our position.

"Foujdur Khan had brought across the Chenab the ten zumboorhuhs which we had captured from the rebels at Leia. As yet I had not allowed these to be fired, for fear of betraying our position; but they were now opened with effect on the reconnoitring parties of horse, who hastily fell back on the main body with the intelligence they had gained. This was about three o'clock. A short pause followed, and then the whole fire of the rebels was turned from the retiring Doodpotras on to the newly-discovered enemy still occupying the left.

"If the wild Puthan levies had been difficult to restrain before, they were now perfectly mad, as the shot tore through their ranks and ploughed up the ground on which they lay; and when presently the fire ceased, and bodies of horse were again seen stealing up towards our front in numbers that set our ten miserable zumboorhuhs at defiance, I saw that none but the most desperate expedient could stave off the battle any longer.

"Imploring the infantry to lie still yet a little longer, I ordered Foujdur Khan, and all the chiefs and officers who had horses, to mount; and forming themselves into a compact body, charge down on the rebel cavalry, and endeavour to drive them back upon the foot. 'Put off the fight,' I whispered to Foujdur, 'or not a man of us will leave this field.'

"Gladly did those brave men get the word to do a deed so desperate; but with set teeth I watched them mount, and wondered how many of my choicest officers would come back.

"Spreading their hands to heaven, the noble band solemnly repeated the creed of their religion, as though it were their last act on earth, then passed their hands over their beards with the haughtiness of martyrs, and drawing their swords, dashed out of the jungle into the ranks of the enemy's horse, who, taken wholly by surprise, turned round and fled, pursued by Foujdur and his companions to within a few hundred yards of the rebel line, which halted to receive its panic-stricken friends.

"In executing this brilliant service, Foujdur Khan received two severe wounds, and few who returned came back untouched. Many fell.

"The purpose, however, was completely answered; for though the enemy quickly rallied, and advanced again in wrath, and I had just made up my mind that there was nothing now left but a charge of our whole line, unsupported by a single gun, of which there could have been but one result—our total annihilation—at that moment of moments might be heard the bugle-note of artillery in the rear. 'Hush!' cried every voice, while each ear was strained to catch that friendly sound once more. Again it sounds—again—and there is no mistake. The guns have come at last—thank God!

"Quick, quick, orderlies, and bring them up. There's not a moment to be lost! Now, officers, to your posts, every one to his own standard, and his own men. Let the infantry stand up, and get into as good a line as the jungle will allow; let none advance until I give the word; but when the word is given, the duty of every chief is this, to keep the standard of his own retainers in a line with the standards right and left of him. Break the line and you will be beaten; keep it, and you are sure of victory."

"Away they scattered, and up sprang their shouting brotherhoods. Standards were plucked up, and shaken in the wind; ranks closed; swords grasped; and matches blown; and the long line waved backwards and forwards with agitation, as it stood between the coming friend, and coming foe. Louder and louder grew the murmur of the advancing rebel host; more distinct and clear the bugles of the friendly guns. And now the rattling of the wheels is heard, the crack of whips, and clank of chains, as they labour to come up; the crowd falls back, a road is cleared, we see the foremost gun, and amid shouts of welcome it gallops to the front.

"Oh, the thankfulness of that moment! the relief, the weight removed, the elastic bound of the heart's main-spring into its place after being pressed down for seven protracted hours of waiting for a reinforcement that might never come! Now all is clear before us. Our chance is nearly as good as theirs, and who asks more?

"One, two, three, four, five, six guns had come; and panting after them, with clattering cartridge-boxes, might be seen two regiments of regular infantry—Soobhan Khan's corps of Moosulmans, and General Cortlandt's Sooruj Mookhee. It was well thought of by the General, for I had only asked for guns; but he judged well that two reg-



ments would be worth their weight in gold at such a pinch.

"There was scant time for taking breath, for the enemy was close at hand; so bidding the guns come with me, the two new regiments to follow on the guns, and the whole irregular line advance steadily in rear under command of Foujdar Khan, I led the artillery through the trees on to the cultivated plain beyond. There we first saw the enemy's line.

"Directly in my front, Moolraj's regular troops were pushing their way in some confusion over fields of sugar; and through an interval of space caused by a few wells and houses, some horse artillery guns were emerging on the plain.

"Round went our guns; and round went theirs; and in an instant both were discharged into each other. It was a complete surprise, for the rebels believed truly that all the guns we had in the morning had left the field with the Dâoodpotras; and of the arrival of the others they were ignorant. Down sank their whole line among the long stalks of the sugar; and as we afterwards learnt from a Goorkha prisoner, the fatal word was passed that the 'Sahib had got across the river with all his army from Dera Ghazee Khan, and led them into an ambush.' To and fro rode their astonished and vacillating Colonels; and while the guns maintained the battle, the intelligence was sent by swift horsemen to the rebel General, Rung Râm, who, seated on an elephant, looked safely down upon the fight from the hills around the village of Noonâr.

"Meanwhile the Sooruj Mookhee and Soobhan Khan's regiments had come up, followed closely by the line; and I made the two former lie down on the left and right of the artillery, and the latter halt under cover of the trees.

"The gunners were getting warm. 'Grape! grape!' at length shouted the Commandant; 'it's close enough for grape;' and the enemy thought so too, for the next round rushed over our heads like a flight of eagles. And there for the first time, and the last in my short experience of war, did I see hostile artillery firing grape into each other. It was well for us that the enemy was taken by surprise, for they aimed high, and did little mischief. General Cortlandt's artillery were well trained and steady, and their aim was true. Two guns were quickly silenced, and the rest seemed slackening and firing wild. A happy charge might carry all. \* \* \*

"Our whole force now advanced over the contested ground, the men shouting as they passed the captured guns. The enemy then rallied, and the artillery on both sides re-opened.

"It was at this point of the battle that a small body of cavalry approached our battery from the left. I asked an orderly if he knew who they were? He thought they were Foujdar Khan and the mounted chiefs of the Puthâns, and I had just turned my horse to ride towards them with an order, when a single horseman advanced, and, taking a deliberate aim, discharged a matchlock at me, within fifty or sixty yards. The ball passed first through the sleeve of the brown holland blouse which I had on, then through my shirt, and out again on the other side through both, and must have been within an hair's breadth of my elbow. But the party paid dearly for their daring, for two guns were instantly laid on them, and horses and riders were soon rolling in the dust.

"And now I gave the word for the whole line of wild Puthâns to be let loose upon the enemy. One volley from our battery, and they plunged into the smoke-enveloped space between the armies with a yell that had been gathering malice through hours of impatient suffering. The smoke cleared off, and the artillerymen of two more rebel guns were dying desperately at their posts, their line was in full retreat upon Noonâr, and the plain was a mass of scattered skirmishes.

"Once more our artillery galloped to the front, and harassed the disordered enemy. In vain the rebels tried to rally and reply. Our infantry was on them, and another and another gun was abandoned in the flight. Rung Râm, their General, had long since fled; Moolraj's Puthân cavalry, who had stood aloof throughout the battle, were sup-

posed to have gone over; the regular regiments, and especially the Goorkhas (who had deserted Agnew and Anderson at Mooltan, and now fought with halters round their necks), had borne the brunt of the day, and suffered heavily. More than half the artillery had been already lost. The pursuit was hot, and fresh and overwhelming numbers seemed to be pouring in upon both flanks; for at this juncture the Dâoodpotras had come up again, and were burning to retrieve their place.

"Thus, without a General, without order, and without hope, the rebels were driven back upon Noonâr; and having placed its sheltering heights between them and their pursuers for a moment, they threw aside shame and arms, and fled, without once halting, to Mooltan."

We cannot part with Major Edwardes without returning him our thanks for the pleasure we have derived from these volumes. We still maintain the opinion we expressed last week, that he would have consulted his reputation better by adopting a less ambitious style, if not by remaining silent; but the public will have no reason to regret the publication of the work, which will be read with interest and profit.

*The Bards of the Bible.* By George Gilfillan. Hogg.

*Magnæ virtutes sed magna vitia* may truly be predicated of this volume. It displays power, but rudeness of power; genius, but waywardness of genius. The originality and enthusiasm of the author being engaged on themes the most lofty, a tone of impassioned eloquence is throughout sustained. With thorough mastery and devout admiration of his subject, he imparts a large amount of interesting instruction as to the Hebrew poets and poetry. A work combining so much eloquence and learning, ought to take a high place in literature, but its excellence is marred, and its worth depreciated by faults, both of matter and manner, numerous and flagrant. These faults, as well as the merits of the book, it is incumbent on us to point out, and all the more as the latter preponderate. A work of less pretensions we would be at less pains to criticise. Gifted men, it is true, we must take as we find them; and in so far as hope of alteration is concerned, it is as useless to point out peculiarities of mind as of outward feature. But as in the countenance it is easy to perceive what appearances are natural and unavoidable, and what are artificial and alterable; so, with respect to an author's mind, we may generally distinguish between original peculiarities and those that result from bad habit or false taste. Believing that Mr. Gilfillan's worst faults belong to the manner and costume of thought, not to its substance, we will speak of them with the censure due to wilful deformity and affected eccentricity.

The design of the book is thus concisely stated in the Preface:—

"The succeeding work does not profess to be an elaborate or full account of the *mechanical* structure of Hebrew poetry, nor a work of minute and verbal criticism. In order that the book may be tried on its own pretensions, the author deems it necessary to premise that, while containing much literary criticism, and a considerable proportion of biographical and religious matter, and while meant to develop indirectly a subsidiary argument for the truth and divinity of the Bible, its main ambition is to be a prose poem or hymn in honour of the poetry and the poets of the inspired volume, although, as the reader will perceive, he has occasionally diverged into the analysis of scripture characters, and more rarely into cognate fields of literature or of speculation."

It would have been well had Mr. Gilfillan kept in view this his first idea of writing a prose poem in honour of the Bards of the Bible. To have pointed out the general characteristics and the manifold varieties of Hebrew poetry; to have shown the sublimities and beauties of the poetic utterance of the several inspired writers; and to have taught men to prize that book somewhat more for its literature, which already they loved for its truth and goodness, and venerated for its Divine origin;—this was a theme worthy of any author's highest ambition. With sufficient learning, unbounded enthusiasm, and sincere worship, Mr. Gilfillan brought to his task qualifications on the whole surpassing all who had entered the same field from Bishop Lowth downwards. But from the outset we find this fundamental error pervading the volume, that instead of examining and illustrating the poetry of the Bible, he treats the Bible as itself a poem. Finding fault with previous writers on Hebrew poetry, "the majority," he says, "seem to have forgotten that the Bible is a poem at all!" This idea would be harmless were it advanced only according to a loose figure of speech, such as when elsewhere he talks (p. 166) of "those two new poems of God, the new heavens and the new earth!" But in the introductory chapter he explains his purpose of speaking of the Bible as "a poem embodying general truth." Now, while much of the Old Testament is written in metrical form, and still more of it in the language and spirit of poetry, it is only by exaggeration of idea and perversion of language that the inspired volume can be called a poem. We might as well call it a book of history or a system of ethics. The Bible is a book of which the poetry is assuredly the element which is the least important to us. We may study with much pleasure and some advantage the external mode of the Divine revelation, but the vehicle of truth is here exalted into the place due to the truth itself. By this false view, the author is led in his criticisms into various extravagancies, and what many would deem impieties of statement.

There is also much crudeness and confusion in the author's ideas concerning inspiration. He speaks of it in his introduction as "an abysmal word," and declines "to enter into the vexed and vexatious question of verbal inspiration, or to examine the details of a controversy which is little more than begun." But without meddling with these vexed questions, there is surely a sense in which the inspiration of the Scriptures is universally understood, as distinguished from the inspiration belonging to the words or works of men. In speaking of human genius or art, we say that Homer, Dante, Raphael, Handel, were inspired men, divinely inspired in a general sense, but we do not confound this inspiration with that which characterizes the 'inspired volume.'

No one understands better than Mr. Gilfillan the distinction between inspired and uninspired writers, on which the canon of scripture is founded. But throughout his work there is a tendency to lax views on the subject, hardly reconcileable with the place he professes to give to the Bible, as above and apart from all other books. There is the same pantheistic tone which Carlyle and Emerson adopt when speaking of their 'other gospels,' and 'other revelations.' The inspiration of the Bible is too much regarded as differing in *degree* only, not in *kind*, from all other. The breath of the same Universal Spirit who



inspired the psalms of David, or the prophecies of Isaiah, also moved the harp of Ossian and the lyre of Shelley, and even in inanimate nature whispers amidst the summer foliage, and sighs through the wintry boughs. Some allowance might be made for a poet using this style of language on secular subjects, but it is unpardonable in one who is also a theologian and an expounder of the Bible, and is professedly treating of 'the inspired volume.' The title 'The Bards of the Bible,' we at first thought had been adopted only from the convenient alliteration; but we fear it is too much an index of the pantheistic style of speech which we have pointed out as pervading the book. Happily the author, in other places, states his views in such a way that we can ascribe the passages of which we complain more to carelessness of language than to error of opinion.

Passing from the matter to the manner of Mr. Gilfillan's writing, while the style is for the most part worthy of the subject, we come upon something in the course of every few pages, by which any reader of ordinary good feeling and good taste cannot but be shocked. Some of these offences are the result no doubt of native coarseness of thought, but more we are persuaded come from attempted imitation of bad models, from a desire to emulate Emerson and out-Carlyle Carlyle. To give but one instance, and it is certainly one of the worst, after finishing his examination of the Old Testament poetry, "We pass," he says, "to speak in the next chapter of the poetry of the Gospels, and of that transcendent poet who died on Calvary." "This chapter had better have been designated 'the poetry of Jesus,' for nearly all the poetry in the four Evangelists clusters in around his face, form, bearing, and words." Such expressions, apart from all religious feeling, are so opposed to every conventional propriety of language, that we are surprised at any Christian writer employing them. There is, moreover, a perpetual straining after strange phrases and startling statements, which have the effect of exciting momentary surprise, but in most cases are followed by amusement instead of admiration. All these faults we the more regret that they are injurious adjuncts to the substance of the book. When the author abandons himself to the flow of his natural feelings, and is warmed by the fire of his own genius, he writes in a style of noble simplicity, of which the following passage is an example:—

"From all these qualities of the Psalms, arises their exquisite adaptation to the praising purposes, alike of private Christians, of families, and of public assemblies, in every age. We are far from denying that other aids to, and expressions of, devotion may be legitimately used; but David, after all, has been the chief singer of the Church, and the hold in the wilderness is still its grand orchestra. Some, indeed, as of old, that are discontented and disgusted with life, may have repaired to it, but there, too, you trace the footsteps of the widow and the fatherless. There the stranger in a strange land, has dried his tears; and there those of the penitent have been loosened in gracious showers. There the child has received an early foretaste of the sweetness of the green pastures and still waters of piety. There the aged has been taught confidence against life or death, in the sure mercies of David; and there the darkness of the depressed spirit has been raised up and away like a cloud on the viewless tongue of the morning wind. But mightier spirits, too, have derived strength from these Hebrew melodies. The soul of the Reformer has vibrated under them to its depths; and the lone hand of a Luther, holding

his banner before the eyes of Europe, has trembled less that it was stretched out to the tune of David's heroic psalms.

"Wild, holy, tameless strains, how have ye run down through ages, in which large poems, systems, and religions have perished, firing the souls of poets, kissing the lips of children, smoothing the pillows of the dying, storming the warrior to heroic rage, perfuming the chambers of solitary saints, and claspings into one the hearts and voices of thousands of assembled worshippers; tinging many a literature, and finding a home in many a land."

We have left little space to describe the contents of the book or to speak of its general merits. The larger part of the volume is occupied with the examination of the various scripture writers, from Moses, who was "the Homer as well as the Solon of his country," down to John, the beloved disciple, at first "the calm reflector of the Saviour's glory," afterwards the rapt seer of the Apocalypse. All the writers are poets, and their personal characteristics and the peculiarities of their style are set forth with much ingenuity and power. There are three preliminary chapters, in which the author reviews the circumstances creating and modifying Hebrew poetry, points out its general characteristics, and classifies its varieties under the two general heads of 'Songs' and 'Poetic Statements.' There is not so much originality in this part of the book, the best thoughts having been derived from previous writers, especially from Herder, in his 'Spirit of Hebrew Poetry.' There are two noble and eloquent concluding chapters, the one headed 'Comparative Estimate, Influences, and Effects of Scripture Poetry,' the other, 'On the Future Destiny of the Bible.' From some statements in these chapters we wholly dissent, but many great and valuable thoughts are propounded.

Mr. Gilfillan, in speaking of Herder's book, says, that "its neologism will always mar its effect on the popular British mind." We have pointed out frankly the causes which will mar the effect of Mr. Gilfillan's own book in the same quarter. A work of so much ability and genius will command a certain circle of admirers, but the faults we have pointed out will prevent, and rightly prevent, its becoming generally popular. We counsel the author to purge his writings of the leaven of irreverence and affectation, and he may make this work yet worthy of the high place to which vainly in its present state it aspires.

*Causeries du Lundi.* By C. A. Sainte Beuve. Paris: Garnier freres.

THE superiority which the French, with more presumption than right, are generally disposed to claim in every walk of literature, cannot, with justice, be disputed them in one at least—pen and ink portraiture, or literary sketches of eminent or remarkable individuals. In this line they have gained really high distinction; and, saying nothing of the dead and gone, have at this moment men who, like Cousin, Villemain, Cormenin, Sainte Beuve, and others of lesser note, have wholly or partially gained in it a national, and even somewhat of a European reputation: indeed, French 'Histories' themselves are, in truth, more or less collections of portraits—witness Thiers' 'Revolution,' Louis Blanc's 'Dix Ans,' and above all Lamartine's 'Girondins.' The English, on the contrary, cut but a pitiable figure in this respect: if we name Horace Walpole, on the ground that his lively pages are decked with portraits, we are told that his mind and style were essentially French; if Hamilton, we

shall be answered that his 'Memoirs of Grammont' were written in French, and for the French; and if, leaving the past, we glance on their living men, we shall be puzzled to find one who has made portrait-painting his principal business, or has gained renown by it alone. True, Macaulay, and Brougham, and Croker, and some round dozen quarterly reviewers and magazine writers, have at different times tried their hands on it; but they have done it timidly, and, with the exception of Macaulay, with no great success. True also, my Lord Campbell has produced some goodly volumes on defunct chancellors; but he would be hugely offended if we were to reduce them from the lofty rank of biography to the level of simple portraiture. Why have the English so neglected this portion of the literary domain? It is a wide and fair one; and there can be no lack of able workers.

Although the literary *portraitiste* is not confined to any country or any age, but may ransack the senate, the army, the pulpit, the stage, and the closet, at any period or wherever he pleases, yet his more legitimate field, in our humble opinion, is his contemporaries. And this is so, because of them alone he can present the *vera effigies*; can rightly appreciate their position, influence, and merits; seize their peculiarities, ridicule their weaknesses, lash their vices; against them alone he can direct with effect the malicious allusion, or the stinging satire, or the biting joke; in them alone can create a real lively interest. If it be said that the *portraitiste*, as we conceive his mission, can scarcely be rigidly just, we answer that justice is not expected of him, any more than it is of the artist who limns the face of a lady, or the journalist or pamphleteer who defends a political cause. His business is to be brilliant, sparkling, witty,—to amuse and interest; to create that malicious pleasure which we all feel (probably on the La Rochefaucauld principle of rejoicing at one's friend's misfortunes) at seeing the eminent or happy of the earth now and then teased and tormented. If indeed he can do all this without injustice, so much the better; if he can't, *tant pis* for the victim. And to prove that it is smartness, and wit, and tempered severity which pleases, more than absolute truth, we have only to point to Hamilton and Walpole, to the whole host of bygone French portrait-painters,—and we had almost said, to some of the 'Lives' of Suetonius himself. In short, the portrait-sketcher is not a biographer.

M. Sainte Beuve is, we must confess, by no means of our way of thinking on this point. *Au contraire*, he admires everybody—dwells respectfully and earnestly on everybody's merits—casts their faults or defects into the shade, or speaks of them not at all,—turns every goose into a swan, and polishes every bit of paste into a diamond. In reading his 'Portraits Contemporains,' or the volume now before us, one is struck at the vast number of distinguished and admirable personages which France contains, and at the vast amount of distinguished and admirable qualities which each individual personage possesses; and one cannot help envying the nation and the man, nay, almost repining at Providence. But when one comes to think quietly, to weigh all that we know against all that we are told, we find that, as many a *belle* whose portrait we admire in the exhibition is indebted to the artist for her witching beauty, so are the *sujets* of M. Sainte Beuve indebted to him for the halo of glory that surrounds them.



"But," we shall be asked, "if M. Sainte Beuve has gained success by giving portraits, in which indulgence predominates, does not that fact upset the theory just propounded, that portrait-drawing requires malicious severity?" Not at all; in the first place, M. Sainte Beuve is undoubtedly a man of very remarkable talent, and as he lavishes it in every one of his pages, he necessarily pleases—for the display of talent always gives pleasure; but, in the second place, and this proves the truth of the theory, it is not easy to read much of M. Sainte Beuve without feeling something slightly approaching to weariness; indeed, to speak the blunt, honest truth,—without yawning.

In his preface, M. Sainte Beuve tells us that in commencing this new volume of his works, he felt "that the time had arrived in which he might venture, without any breach of propriety, to be more daring, to say plainly what seemed to him the truth on books and their authors"—a statement which admits by implication that he had not been either bold or truthful during what he calls his "literary career of twenty-five years." But we look in vain for any great instance of 'daring,' or of what we call truth. In the articles on Lamartine, there are, it is true, here and there a few words of censure; but so soft, so mild, so meek, and sweetened with such doses of honeyed flattery, that even that 'grand poëte,' notwithstanding the excessive sensitiveness of his vanity, and his almost incredible voracity for laudation, can scarcely be offended. In that on 'Chateaubriand's Memoirs,' there is also an absence of that enthusiastic praise which is the besetting sin of our author; but the work is not treated with anything like the severity it deserves. As for M. Sainte Marc Girardin, M. Villemain, M. Cousin, Madame George Sand, Father Lacordaire, M. Thiers, and Count de Montalembert, we would respectively advise them to take their passports to the Elysian fields at once, lest perchance, by remaining here below, they should have to endure the mortification of seeing their indulgent critic's judgment considerably modified if not entirely reversed. Notwithstanding all this, it is but fair to observe that some of the articles in the book are both curious and interesting; and among them we specify those on Napoleon in Egypt, on Adrienne Le Couvreur, on Philippe de Comynes, and on Hamilton, the historian of De Grammont. That on the celebrated Madame Récamier is also readable; but overflows with the exaggerated admiration of that lady and her friends, which it was the custom of the *habitués* of her *salon* to affect—it would be hazardous to say, feel.

The title 'Monday Talkings,' which M. Sainte Beuve has chosen to affix to this volume, conveys no definite idea to the mind: it was selected because the book is a reprint of articles published on the Monday in the *Constitutionnel* newspaper.

*Bertha; a Romance of the Dark Ages.* By William Bernard Mac Cabe. Newby.

It has often occurred to us that an interesting and certainly instructive addition to the 'Curiosities of Literature' might be made in the shape of a philosophical and anecdotal work on the 'Diseases of Literature.' It is exceedingly curious to mark the rise and progress of those mental afflictions which equally seize upon authors and the public, and which present, in the long progress of the history of

a nation's intellect, an illustration of the undulatory theory of light. On the crest of each name appears 'some bright particular star,' and on the descending side a series of rapidly diminishing luminaries—many of them merely phosphorescent—until in the hollow, the attempts at luminosity are lost in a set of dark lines—a negation of light. In our poetical and prose literature this truth is equally exemplified—that every popular author, whether his popularity arose from the genial influences of a cultivated genius, or the unhealthful operations of a diseased imagination, has been followed by a set of imitators, who have usually seized upon the broad eccentricities, or the most inveterately bad habits, as the points most worthy of their study—entirely overlooking that intellectual power by which the originals triumphed over these defects.

Cowley wrote 'The Mistress,' which overflows with charming thoughts wrapt in the most playful fancy, and immediately the town was inundated by verses in which voluptuous images were conveyed in words at once sensual and gross. Pope, in somewhat of a bitter mood, satirized the usages of his day—employing elegant language, and adopting the most perfect poetical rhythm and the perfection of rhyme, to express the overflowing of his 'bilious humour'—and Pope was followed by a host of poetasters who fancied his popularity was due to his snarling humour, and their growlings and unmusical barkings, now happily forgotten, were the staple of 'the Row.' Scott writes in the ballad style his 'Tales of Minstrelsy,' and harpers out of number spring up on all sides, whose only claim to attention was the 'fatal facility' with which they perpetrated 'the octo-syllabic verse.' Who that remembers the publication of the 'Corsair' can fail to recal the pseudo-Byronic airs which were exhibited on every hand? or, recollecting the effect of 'Waverley,' can forget the number of diluted attempts to unite descriptive powers with flowing narrative, which fell from the teeming press?

In the progress of our novel literature we passed from the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Clarissa Harlowe,' 'Sir Charles Grandison,' 'Amelia,' and 'Pamela,' into the sickening tale of love and elopement which particularly distinguished the Rosa Matilda school. In the period of romance we launched from the 'Castle of Otranto' and the 'Mysteries of Udolpho' into a school of horrors, in which murder took the place of morality, and sheeted spectres stood glowering to the outrage of common sense. Eventually a commanding genius, making its advent, when the public were exhausted by the excess of excitement, led them back to nature—and the author of 'Waverley' relieved us from this worse than Egyptian plague. These remarks have been called from us by this romance. 'Bertha' never would have been written had not Bulwer published 'Harold,' and Dumas, the prolific, given birth from his teeming brain to 'Marguerite de Valois.'

Bulwer has exhibited unmistakable indications of genius and industry in his works, and although we have not always approved of his confused morality, we have ever been interested in his writings. Dumas is a notable author; in the power of telling a story by continuous conversation he is unequalled. Dumas's object, however, has evidently been to take his brain to the most profitable market, and regardless alike of every virtuous feeling and every honourable incentive to action, he has written that which best pleased

the Parisian readers, and few books charmed them so thoroughly as that narrative of intrigue and murder which we have just named. It has been equally popular, owing to its vivid colouring, in our own country; several romances and two plays have already been framed from its story, and now we have one which is a degenerate cross between these two dissimilar writers.

'Bertha' is the wife of Henry IV., King of Germany, and her piety is very tamely set off against the sensualism and brutality of her husband. Henry is, indeed, a male version of Catherine, the Queen-mother of Dumas's tale, and, as in 'Marguerite' so in 'Bertha,' we have a narrative of religious persecution which is painfully revolting. Where the author has taken his characters from history, he holds his course with tolerable uniformity, but he displays no inventive power; all the characters which are of his own creation are singular failures. Gertrand, the camp follower, one of these originals, is thus described:—

"A woman, apparently about thirty years of age, on whose head was a soldier's helmet, from which fell long, rough, curling black hair, that served to cover a neck, that was like the skin of her face, not merely brown, but almost blackened from constant exposure to the sun, whilst a thick, downy moustache of black hair on the upper lip, gave her the appearance of a man. And for such she might, by her brawny arms and large hands, be readily mistaken, if the ample folds of a woman's short-dress did not show that she belonged to the female sex."

This is no pleasing specimen of a woman, but she is evidently as great a favourite with our author as he informs us she was with Diedrick, who, out of pure loyalty murders, as a duty, every one the King desires to be quit of; and he has expended his powers upon these two worthies. But as they are drawn they are inconsistent with themselves, and in all respects unnatural.

Mr. Mac Cabe can sometimes write with power, and although he might never achieve any original work, with better models before him he might produce a more healthful and a readable production.

The following is one of the most striking passages in these volumes, and it fully illustrates the author's powers:—

"Thus sat Bishop Croft in his solitary chamber; and thus did he commune with himself:

"With the exception of the mere performance of a few ceremonies I am now that which I often wished but scarcely could ever have hoped to be—Kings shall bow down before me: ambassadors from the most distant parts of the globe shall come to lay at my feet whatever is most rare, and most precious in their respective countries. My power shall extend not merely to the utmost limits of Christendom, but beyond them; for I—am the Pope.

"The Pope! His Holiness the Pope!

"Yes—these are the titles with which men shall greet me.

"The despised Prior of Aschaffenburg shall be the Pope of Rome; and those who contemned me, and those who denounced me, because I attached its proper value to wealth, shall be forced to bow down to me as the Supreme Pontiff—to fear my power, if they will not court my favour.

"How different is my position from that of the simple-minded Meginherr! He now lies forgotten in his grave. He is as if he never had been, whilst I living shall be a Pope, and when dead, remembered for ever. My name shall appear in the annals of all nations. But in what terms shall I be spoken of?

"I care not. Let the future provide for itself. This is the time for me. At present I am Pope.



"'Yes—Pope—despite of the dauntless Hildebrand, who now sits enthroned at Rome.'

"'He will call me a Schismatic—he will denounce me as an Anti-Pope.'

"'We shall mutually excommunicate each other—that is all.'

"'He and I do but typify the state of the Church at the present moment. There is a schism. He embodies the independence of the Church, as distinct from the State—I, the dependence of the Church upon the State.'

"'Which of us is right? It is a great question. It will outlive us both. Neither he nor I can decide it. All I have to do is to take advantage of the quarrel, and convert it to my own profit.'

There is much more to the same effect, and eventually overcome with excitement, the bishop dies in his treasure chamber, we presume of apoplexy; but this is not clear, since he dies raving amid his heaps of gold, and he is found "with his neck as if it had been broken, his skin dark and discoloured, himself a rigid corpse—the miserable wretch lying dead upon all his treasures, which were strewn beneath him as if he rested upon a bed."

We have no desire to meet with any more such romances of the dark ages as this. The author of 'Bertha' and of 'The Catholic History of England,' will be wise if he confines his studies to history. He should for ever renounce the attempt of endeavouring to create original characters, which are evidently beyond his grasp; though he may be enabled to write of many of the remarkable episodes which mark the progress of European civilization. It can never be worth the purpose or reputation of any author to dabble in fiction who can write better on fact.

*The Museum of Classical Antiquities; a Quarterly Journal of Architecture and the Sister Branches of Classic Art. No. 1. Parker.*

It is no small reproach to our classical scholarship that we have hitherto been unable to support a single journal devoted to the interests of any branch of classical literature. The want of such a periodical, as a medium of communication between scholars, has been shown by the many attempts which have been made from time to time to establish a classical journal in this country; but all such works have failed from want of encouragement, and the majority of them have never obtained a sufficient sale to defray the expenses of printing and paper. The 'Museum Criticum' and the 'Philological Museum,' although each received valuable contributions from the ablest English scholars of their day, were obliged to be given up after a very brief existence. The more recent 'Classical Museum' was a little more fortunate than either of its predecessors; but its limited sale at length compelled its editor to abandon its publication at the close of 1849, after an existence of seven years. The decease of this periodical has caused general regret among scholars; and we therefore hail with pleasure an attempt to supply its place. We trust that the editor of the 'Museum of Classical Antiquities' will meet with sufficient encouragement to induce him to persevere in his undertaking; but we fear that he has somewhat narrowed his chances of success by restricting his work to 'Architecture and the Sister Branches of Classic Art.' We think he would have acted more wisely, and would receive more general support, if he had opened his pages to contributions on every subject connected with classical antiquity and litera-

ture. We are far from undervaluing a knowledge of the principles and history of ancient art; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the number of its students in this country is comparatively small; and we would therefore press upon the editor of the new Museum the expediency of enlarging the range of his subjects, even though he continues to make the elucidation of ancient art the primary object of his journal.

The first number of a new periodical always appears under disadvantages. An editor has at first some difficulty in finding able contributors; but as the work proceeds, help from new quarters is obtained, and experience is gained by all parties. We are therefore not disposed to criticise with severity the first number before us, as it contains several able papers, which will be read with profit and pleasure by the classical student. We must confess, however, that we have been somewhat disappointed with the first article, 'On the Advantage of the Study of Antiquity, and on Excellence in Art.' It partakes too much of the character of a college exercise. Its object is to show that the excellence of Greek art is mainly to be attributed to the patriotism and enthusiasm of the people. The idea is not novel, and scarcely needed an essay for its elucidation.

The second article is 'On the Rapid Destruction of Ancient Monuments, being a portion of the Dedictory Epistle prefixed by Fra Giovanni Giocondo to his Corpus Inscriptionum.' The third is a paper by M. Hittorff, 'On the Polychromy of Greek Architecture;' and as the application of colour to architecture is at present exciting so much attention in consequence of its being employed in the decoration of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, we think our readers will be interested in the following remarks of M. Hittorff:—

"I travelled in Sicily, in the years 1823 and 1824, in company with two German architects, MM. Zanth and Stier. We discovered in excavations, which I caused to be made at Agrigentum, Syracuse, Acrae, Catanea, Segesta, &c., as Messrs. Harris and Angell had formerly done at Selinuntum, many vestiges of coloured stucco on the fragments of temples and other edifices built of porous stone, and many traces of colour employed without a coating of stucco on hard and compact stone, and also upon marble.

"The great abundance of these indications of a primitive decoration by colour, the appearance of similar tints on similar members and mouldings, the presence of colour on figure-sculpture, bas-reliefs, and ornament, induced me to turn my attention to the theory which M. Quatremère de Quincy entertained relative to the employment of polychromy on stucco, and which he has so ably established in his magnificent work—'Le Jupiter Olympien.' So fully did I concur with him in his opinion, that I thenceforward entertained no doubt, not merely with regard to the application of colour to statuary, as established by M. Quatremère de Quincy; but also, as a necessary consequence, to its adaptation to architecture, as evidenced by my own researches.

"Immediately on my return to Rome, I prepared, in conjunction with M. Zanth, restorations of those Sicilian temples, the colours of which we could identify, and we had the privilege of exhibiting the drawings to the artists and antiquaries of that capital.

"The principle generally followed we found to be—the colouring of the body of the wall a pale yellow, or golden colour, the triglyphs and mutules blue, the metopes and the tympanum red, and some other portions of the building green; and varying these same tints, or using them of greater

or less intensity, as the judgment of the artist dictated.

"This discovery, so entirely subversive of the hitherto dominant idea of the monochromy of Greek art, met with many opponents, and but few supporters. The latter, however, increased in number after 1830, in which year I published at Paris the complete restoration of a Selinuntine temple, founded on the ancient coloured vestiges which I had been enabled to discover.

"In this Essay, I showed that Polychromic architecture was practised by the Greek in all ages, who endeavoured, by so doing, to add to the elegance of their buildings, without detracting from their majesty; and that this system of colouring, when applied under a pure sky, enlivened by a brilliant sunshine, and surrounded by a gorgeous vegetation, was the only means of bringing the work of art in harmony with the richness of nature. Another reason for its adoption would necessarily have been the preservation of their monuments. The necessity for its application I proved by a consideration of its analogy with coloured statuary, from the employment of the latter conjointly with mural historic painting in the edifices of antiquity, and from these requiring, in their union with architecture, a necessary similarity in the walls and decorations of the building. I maintained that the most admired structures of the ancients derived their effect from the harmonious combination of the three arts, the works of which, taken individually, may sometimes approach to the sublime, but cannot, unless united, produce that sentiment of satisfaction and perfection which they then possess.

"From the known fact, that the earliest temples of the Greeks were of wood, and that their first idols, derived from Egypt, were of the same material, I concluded that the desire of preserving their sanctuaries must have caused them to apply some preparation to the surface of the wood; and that this coating must have been analogous to that of the idols which they were intended to receive, in order that the temples and their images might present, after the same lapse of time, a corresponding appearance.

"The silence of M. Winkelmann and his followers as to the application of colour to ancient architecture, arose from the circumstance of the almost entire absence of remarks on this subject in the works of ancient authors; and I attributed this absence to the very universal employment of Polychromy by the ancients, which, presenting nothing remarkable from its singularity, did not require any special notice. This conclusion I showed to be supported by the fact of traces of colour being discernible to the present day on the Parthenon, Erechtheum, Theseum, and on the temples of Aegina and Bassae, although Pausanias does not refer to any one of these as being so decorated: and I directed attention to the fact that, in the only passage of his book which has reference to the application of colour,—that which relates to the green and red tribunals,—it is not from the singularity of their decoration that he notices them, but because they served as a name to the edifices which contained them; in the same manner that the locality and form served to designate two other tribunals, one of which took the name of *Parabyston*, and the other of *Trigomon*.

"I concluded from this passage that the red and green were the predominant colours of these two tribunals, and that this system of Polychromy must have been applied to secular as well as to religious structures: that the silence of ancient authors, so far from offering any objection to this theory, proves the certitude of its universal application: and lastly, that the material proofs of its practice, even now abundantly sufficient, would have been much more numerous, as observes M. Quatremère de Quincy, if modern critics, whenever they perceive traces of decoration, either on the monuments themselves, or historically in the descriptions of ancient authors, had not seemed to be resolved, sometimes to deny their consequence, as conflicting with their notions of the taste and genius of the ancients, sometimes to question their existence, and almost always to refuse them their due consideration."



The fourth article contains a 'Description of one of the City Gates of Pæstum;' and the fifth is a 'Communication from Professor Schoenborn, of Posen, relative to a Monument recently discovered by him in Lycia.' This monument escaped the notice of Professor Edward Forbes and Lieutenant Spratt; but it is of great interest in consequence of a portion of its sculptures referring to the Iliad.

"On one of the sculptured friezes of the enclosing wall is Achilles, when, full of anger and vexation, he sat on the sea shore, near the high-prowed vessels. On an adjoining slab is the herald who calls the Achæans together; then follow warriors, next to whom are battle-scenes. The battle approaches the city: the gate is besieged. The Trojan elders show themselves above and upon the gate. Thus the sculptures correspond, subject by subject, with the 'Iliad.' The attack on the gate is evidently placed as the centre of the composition. Not only is the sculpture here of higher relief than in the other parts, but, moreover, in this instance, the two chief rows are connected with each other with reference to the subject represented.

"From consideration of the subject they represent, from the certain connexion of the bas-reliefs with this place, and from their beauty, (notwithstanding they have greatly suffered from time, and are in very low relief,) I should assign to them the first place among the sculptured remains of Lycia; and, therefore, earnestly desire that they may be sufficiently known before they stand the chance of being destroyed or lost."

The sixth article, 'On the Paintings of Polygnotus in the Lesche at Delphi,' by Mr. William Watkiss Lloyd, is the most elaborate and valuable paper in the number, and will amply repay perusal. The seventh article is a dissertation 'On the Plan and Disposition of the Greek Lesche,' by the Editor. The eighth is an essay 'On some Egyptian-Doric Columns in the Southern Temple at Karnak,' by Mr. Edward Falkener. The three remaining articles are only brief papers, which do not require any particular notice.

We have been anxious to give publicity to this new periodical, since it is not likely to come in the way of many of our readers; and we trust that the editor will meet with the support which his undertaking deserves. It contains several articles which will prove of interest to persons of liberal education, who are not professed scholars.

#### SUMMARY.

*A Popular Narrative of the Origin, History, Progress, and Prospects of the Great Industrial Exhibition, 1851.* By Peter Berlyn. Gilbert.

WITHIN a small compass we have here gathered together all that is interesting in connexion with the great undertaking of the present year—an undertaking which must form a most important chapter in the World's History. This book is little more than a compilation—indeed it professes to be no more—but we are bound to say that the work has been judiciously done, and the result is a very satisfactory review of all that has been effected in the way of industrial exhibitions up to the present time. In the history of previous exhibitions, those of the Polytechnic Institutions of Manchester and other large towns, and even the exhibition of the Mechanics' Institution at Devonport, come in for their fair share of praise. Mr. Berlyn has, however, omitted all notice of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, which was the first established in this country, having held its first exhibition in 1833, which has been repeated every year since that period. At each annual exhibition prizes in medals, money, and books are given—on one occasion a prize of 500*l.* for a machine for relieving miners from the task of

climbing, and a second one of 250*l.* for the application of a similar machine. Supported by the wealth of Western England, the model and parent of all similar institutions, and ably devoting its means to the relief of suffering humanity, it should not be forgotten.

*The Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851, its Importance to the Working Classes.* (Reprinted from 'The Working Man's Friend.') Cassell.

COTTAGES and Crystal Palaces! The working man is surely well cared for by the authors of this well-meant pamphlet. Critics have surely enough to answer for in the past and present, without venturing upon predictions of the future. The great present benefit from the Crystal Palace—one perhaps more important to the working classes than any they will receive from what may be exhibited within its walls,—is the proof that glass may be used as a cheap and substantial roofing and building material. The window tax once abolished, workshops, warehouses, churches, even stables, cow-houses, and all the dark holes and corners, will be roofed with glass, or provided with glass windows. The improvement will be of benefit even to the inferior animals. The dark and close stables in which our horses are kept contribute much to the defects of eye-sight and blindness to which they are subject.

*The Calendar of the Anglican Church Illustrated.* Parker.

A PORTION of this work was published about ten years ago as an appendix to the second edition of a work on 'Anglican Church Architecture.' By James Barr, Architect. It was omitted from a subsequent edition, with the intention of forming it into a separate work, on a more extended plan. It now appears under the above title, and contains, besides those matters bearing on church architecture, a variety of curious information as to the saints who have churches dedicated to their names, or whose images are most frequently met with in England. The present editor says, in the preface, that "his work is of an archæological, not a theological, character, and he has not considered it his business to examine into the truth or falsehood of the legends of which he narrates the substance." But so large a proportion of the volume is occupied by the history of these saints, and that the part of the work which alone is new, and authorizing its appearance as a separate publication, that it is impossible to overlook its religious, as well as its antiquarian bearings. On this, however, we will content ourselves with remarking that, as naturalists tell us the antidote is frequently found growing not far off from a poisonous plant, so in such a work as the present, the Oxford press produces that which might well cure much of the irrational credulity and baneful superstition fostered by other works from the same quarter. It is a choice selection of lying legends and old wives' fables; and some of the best authenticated stories, such as St. Lucy, with her eyes on a plate, and St. Dunstan laying hold of the arch-enemy with the red-hot tongs, are graphically illustrated from antique paintings. Even in this part of the volume there is, however, much interesting archæological matter. We are told, for instance, under St. Olave, or Olaus, that he was the first Christian King of Norway, the godson of King Ethelred, who, on an invasion of the Danes, sent a powerful fleet to the rescue, and dislodged the invaders from London and Southwark. He particularly distinguished himself in the destruction of London Bridge; in commemoration of which service we have the names of St. Olave's Church and Tooley Street, which is a corruption of St. Olave's Street. Some curious statistics are given as to the number and locality of churches throughout England dedicated to particular saints. St. Peter has 830 dedicated to his sole honour, 230 conjointly with St. Paul, and 10 in connexion with some other Saint—1070 in all. Saints Michael and Andrew are next in popularity, each having about 600 dedications. To the Virgin Mary, upwards of 2200 are dedicated, or more than a fifth of the whole ancient churches of the country. The latter part of the book, on the early Christian and mediæval symbols, and on ecclesiastical emblems, is of

great historical and architectural value. A copious index of emblems is added, as well as a general index to the volume with its numerous illustrations. The work is an important contribution to English archæology, especially in the department of ecclesiastical iconography.

*Chemistry for Students, being an Abridgement of Chemical Experiments.* By G. Francis. Abridged and revised by W. White. Allen.

THE 'Chemical Experiments' of Mr. Francis was a good book, and, to those who were studying without a master, a very excellent guide. Its instructions in manipulation were satisfactory and generally easy. We see no object in abridging and revising. The revision without the abridgement would have been a much more satisfactory proceeding, although we are not sure that it might not have been intrusted to abler hands than those of Mr. White, judging from the style of his revisions. The great objection we make to these, is the constant use of terms with which the young student cannot be expected to be familiar, and for which more common forms of speech might have been substituted.

*Rudiments of Chemistry, with Illustrations of the Chemistry of Daily Life.* By D. B. Reid, M.D. Fourth Edition. Baillière.

THIS work of Dr. Reid's is too familiar to require more than a passing notice. That it has proved useful, so far as it goes, to the class for whom it was originally written, is evident by the number of editions it has passed through. The book would have been greatly improved if Dr. Reid had omitted all that portion that relates to smoky chimneys and ventilation, which belongs to physics rather than chemistry, and supplied some information on the recent discoveries in chemical science, both at home and abroad. On any modern question the book is a blank, as though its author had imagined that all science stopped short at that point when he first gave his labours to the world.

*Lady Eva —; her Last Days.* By the Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne. Boone.

A VERY affecting narrative of the last days and the peaceful end of a young lady who was cut off by a rapid consumption. The account is written with much good feeling and taste, and, while it is a pleasing memorial of the departed, is intended to convey useful lessons, especially to those afflicted with the same insidious malady.

*The British Officer; his Position, Duties, Emoluments, and Privileges.* By J. H. Stocqueler. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is a digest and compilation of the rules and regulations relating to all matters which concern officers in her Majesty's service and in that of the East India Company, with a variety of information respecting the Military Colleges and Hospitals and Establishments, the style and title of the regiments of cavalry and infantry, their respective uniforms, mottoes, devices, and date of their creation. The author acknowledges as his authorities Col. Mitchell, Mr. Gleig, the chaplain general, and Major Hughes, besides the public documents. The principal part of the work, which is of considerable extent, refers to matters in which officers are personally concerned in discharging their duty, and supplies a very complete account of the value of commissions, pay, pensions, rations, travelling expenses, equipment, half-pay, retirement and funeral honours. The introductory remarks upon the general subject of the army, and those on the duties of commanding officers, are characterized by much good sense and a practical knowledge of the routine of the service. As a book of reference it will be of great general utility, and particularly to officers about to enter the military profession.

*Hard-up; or, Last Resources.* Rolandi.

THIS is an autobiographical story, on the hackneyed plan of the narrator dying and leaving the manuscript in trust to a friend, with strict injunctions to publish it. The printing allegation is so stale, that should it be founded on truth, it would be better for the narrative not to bring it forward, while in a work of fiction its flimsiness jeopardises the welfare of



the tale. But the most urgent entreaties for publication ought not to have prevailed with respect to this book, which is simply trash. We speak thus strongly against this production, because the editor threatens to give the world "another taste of the fruits of his friend's experience," should the present pages be favourably received.

*The Monthly Packet of Evening Readings.* No. I. Mozley.

THIS little Magazine is designed for young female members of the English church, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. Some of the articles of the first number contain interesting information; but we cannot commend the work for the object it professes to serve, 'as a help to self-education.' Its scope is limited, and its tendencies mediæval. And if the Introductory Letter to the readers may be taken as a specimen of editorial ability, we doubt whether the magazine can be profitably conducted by any one who exhibits so much bad taste and bad grammar in three brief pages.

*The Nuptials of Barcelona.* A tale of Priestly Frailty and Spanish Tyranny. Second edition. By R. N. Dunbar. Saunders and Otley.

WE formerly noticed favourably, a collection of poems by Mr. Dunbar, entitled "Indian Hours," of which volume this tale formed part. The present juncture of ecclesiastical affairs seems to the author opportune for reprinting it in a separate and cheaper form. The scene of the poem is in South America, in the time of the Spanish war of independence. The tale itself is interesting, and the author has considerable power of poetical description.

*Scripture History, in Familiar Lectures.* By the Hon. and Very Rev. H. E. J. Howard, D.D., Dean of Lichfield. Second Series. Hughes.

THIS is one of the volumes of the 'Englishman's Library,' one of the cheap religious publications of the day, which are chiefly useful for the higher classes in schools, and for parochial and emigrants' libraries. The ordinary reader will not find much in this book which he did not know before; and there are several omissions which ought not to have occurred in a treatise of this nature. There is no reference to the discourse with Nicodemus; and in the account of the Apocalypse, the now generally received theory that it is a prophetic history of the church from the time of the Apostles to the final consummation of all things, should at least have been hinted at. The allusion to Luther and his glorious work is meagre and unsatisfactory, and there are also in the work few of those practical remarks which we naturally look for in a volume of 'Familiar Lectures.' On the other hand, candour requires us to admit that this book is free from the errors of the school to which the publications of the 'Englishman's Library' principally belong, and we believe that it may be useful in the hands of those who have not time or inclination for the study of more important books of this character.

*Land Drainage, Embankment, and Irrigation.*

By James Donald. Orr and Co.

THIS forms one of the series of Richardson's Rural Handbooks, which we have heard praised by those who are best qualified to form a correct judgment—the practical agriculturists. In this work Mr. Donald has entered very carefully into the question, and has laid down some general rules which cannot fail to be serviceable to those who are carrying out any works of this kind. We have seen instances in which, owing to a want of the sort of information here given, much money has been squandered and time lost in attempting draining, by which, however, the land has not been benefited. The author in justice should have mentioned the labours of Mr. Parkes, than whom few have carried out more extensive systems of draining, and to whose publications the author is clearly not unfrequently under obligations.

*A Treatise on the Steam Engine.* By John Scott Russell. New Edition. Edinburgh: Black.

THIS treatise was written by Mr. Russell for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and at once attracted considerable attention. There was a lucidity about

the explanations of the then young engineer which was not usual in scientific treatises; and hence, when published as a separate work, this production took its position as our best popular exposition of the steam engine. The present edition has been edited by Mr. Henry Meikle, who has well performed the task committed to him, by including everything that is novel in the construction of that wonderful example of man's ingenuity of which it treats.

*Kenneth; or, the Rear Guard of the Grand Army.*

By the Author of 'Scenes and Characters,' 'Kings of England,' &c. Parker.

THE narrative of this tale relates to the fortunes of a Scotch family of Lindesays, whose ancestors had settled in Moscow, after the rebellion of '45. The eldest son of the refugee, a colonel in the Russian service, fell at Borodino, leaving his widow, a French woman, with two children, Kenneth and Effie. Another son had returned, and settled as a lawyer in England. The colonel's widow, within a month of her husband's death, marries a captain in the French army with whom she had been acquainted in early life, and is easily persuaded to accompany him in the retreat from Moscow. The high spirit of Kenneth soon brought about a rupture, and he and his sister were cruelly deserted on the road. They found a friend in a colonel of the rear guard, who gave them in charge to Hervé Léon, a brave and faithful Breton. After various adventures they reach Paris, and later in the story they meet with their English cousins, their father's brother, and his family, to whose protection they were transferred from that of the kind Comte and Madame de Villaret. In the last chapter, Kenneth, after many years' residence in England, comes over to Brittany in search of old Léon, whom he presents with a silver cross, and we hope other more substantial marks of gratitude. The incidents of the tale are not very striking, but some of the scenes are ably described. The chief interest lies in the connexion with the public events from the burning of Moscow to the restoration of the Bourbons, and in the account given of some of the notables of the French army, especially of *le lion rouge*, *le brave des braves*, Marshal Ney, who was Kenneth's friend and patron.

*The Anglican Friar, and the Fish which he took by Hook and by Crook.* By a Novice, A. F. & F. Darling.

A COMIC legend, in still more comical rhyme, without any particular reason, beyond making fun of the Irish priesthood—as well left unmade.

*The Oxford University Calendar for 1851, corrected to Dec. 31, 1850.* Oxford: Parker and Slatter. London: Rivingtons.

WITH the usual almanack, this contains full information on all matters regarding the university of Oxford; lists of members of the university and of each college, with the respective officers; with a catalogue of the chancellors' prizes since 1768, and the names of those who gained them. The patronage attached to each college is not forgotten, and we have a complete account in figures of everything in the gift of the university, so that this Calendar is quite a *sine qua non* to all connected with Oxford.

*Autobiography of the Rev. Wm. Walford.* Edited, with a continuation, by John Stoughton. Jackson and Walford.

MR. WALFORD was a minister of the sect of dissenters who call themselves "the independents," and the author of some religious works of merit. This memoir affords a history of his career, and of the bodily sufferings he endured, which will be acceptable to those who knew him in life. The part not autobiographical, which is furnished by Mr. Stoughton, will be found most interesting to the general reader, for the excellent remarks he makes upon the various subjects of Mr. Walford's letters to him, which form the volume. We should protest, however, against the bad taste of including in the appendix the autopsy of the poor gentleman; in a work of the kind such details are utterly useless—not to use a stronger term—to non-medical readers.

NEW WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN PARIS.

*Les Fleurs du Moyen Age.* By Alfred Driou. Paris: Lehubry.

A SMALL collection of national legends, not without a certain interest; but of little value compared to those published by the government, by Guizot, and others.

*Histoire de Napoléon Bonaparte.* By A. Gabourd. Tours: Marne.

WE have biographies innumerable of Napoleon as soldier, statesman, administrator, orator, and in his private capacity as husband, father, brother, friend, and master. We have also read somewhere a ponderous *tome* on the great warrior, considered as an author—his orders of the day to his troops, military despatches, &c., being taken as his literary productions. But in this book we have him represented in an entirely original point of view—the religious one. Judged by Christian principles, however, it is not easy to represent him in a favourable light, though undoubtedly he did much to restore the Church and religion.

*Histoire Maritime de France.* New edition, rewritten and augmented. By Leon Guerin. Paris: Dufour et Malat.

ON the principle of "beginning at the beginning," this book starts with the foundation of Marseilles some 600 years before Christ, and relates the sea adventures, combats, and colonizations of that and other maritime provinces down to the present day. Written by a Frenchman, and for Frenchmen, it of course exaggerates everything approaching a naval victory ever gained by the French, and when it does not claim defeats for triumphs, greatly diminishes their importance.

*Histoire du Clergé de France.* 4 vols.

By J. Bousquet. Paris: Pillet.

BEGINS with the introduction of Christianity under the Gauls, and comes down to the present time. It is a useful compilation.

*Le Fablier Chrétien.* Paris and Lyons: Perisse. A COLLECTION of fables illustrating the existence of God, the Incarnation, the Trinity, the Christian Virtues, &c. It is no doubt a well meant publication, but the fabular form seems to us a most objectionable one for teaching the sublime truths of religion. It is worth noticing that the word *Fablier* here employed does not figure in the dictionary of the Académie Française.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Ayres (J.) *Christian Philanthropist's Pilgrimage*, 2nd edition, 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
 Barwell's (Mrs.) *Childhood's Hours*, 12mo, cloth, 3s.  
 Boden's (J.) *Method of Teaching French Language*, 2s. 6d.  
 Burke's *Landed Gentry*, 2 vols. royal 8vo, cloth, £2 2s.  
 Chemery's (V. L.) *French Phraseology*, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 D'Aubigne's (Rev. J. H. M.) *Authority of God*, 12mo, 4s. 6d.  
 De la Beche's (Sir H.) *Geological Observer*, 8vo, cl. 18s.  
 Female Jesuit, or the Spy in the Family, 12mo, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
 Gleig's *School Series*; *Sacred History*, part 1, 18mo, 1s.  
 Goldsmith's *Grammar of Geography*, new edition by E. Hughes, royal 18mo, roan, 3s. 6d.  
 Hansard's *Art of Printing*, post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 Hogg's *Instructor*, new series, vol. 6, cloth, 4s. 6d.  
 Jahr's *Repertory of Homæopathy*, 8vo, 12s.  
 Jones's (S. S.) *Beatrice; or, Influence of Words*, 12mo, 4s.  
 —(Rev. W. B.) *Vestiges of the Gael in Gwynedd*, 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.  
 Lester's (J. W.) *Orations*, 12mo, cloth, 4s.  
 Lower's (M. A.) *Chronicles of Battel Abbey*, 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
 Madden's (W. H.) *Thoughts on Baptism*, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 Moir and Spalding's *Poetry and Modern Romance*, 3s. 6d.  
 Nile Notes, by a Traveller, 12mo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
 Paxton's *Flower Garden*, vol. 1, 4to, cloth, £1 13s.  
 Poems of Early Years, 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
 Robin's (Rev. S.) *Royal Supremacy*, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
 Ruskin's (J.) *Stones of Venice*, vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, £2 2s.  
 Russell's (J. S.) *Steam Engine*, new edition cloth, 5s.  
 Sabine's *Observations of Magnetic Disturbances*, part 1, 4to, cloth, £2 2s.  
 Sanderson's *Obligations*, 9s.  
 Scoresby's *My Father*, post 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
 Smith's *Month at Constantinople*, 5s.  
 Steinitz *The Ship*, 4to, 20s.  
 Stenberg's *Dialect of Northamptonshire*, 12mo, cloth, 3s.  
 Story of a Family, by S. M., 2 vols, 12mo, cloth, 12s.  
 Trollope's (Rev. W.) *Question and Answers on Library*, 2nd edition, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 Townsend's *Tour in Italy*, 2nd edition, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
 Vaux's *Nineveh*, 3rd edition, post 8vo, cloth, 8s.  
 Walsingham's (Lord) *Law of Settlement*, 6d.  
 Wilkinson's (Rev. G.) *Exposition of Epistles*, 4s. 6d.  
 Willson on *Light, Shade, and Colour*, new edition, 16s.  
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## THE MACREADY DINNER.

THE ovation of Drury Lane was followed by the triumph of the Hall of Commerce, where, on Saturday last, an assemblage of rank and intellect, almost without parallel, met to do honour to Mr. Macready on this his 'very last' appearance in public. The English heart beats warmly on such occasions, never more so than in showing its gratitude to those who are associated with past hours of high intellectual enjoyment; but at no time has it spoken out in terms more honourable to its favourite, nor more generous in themselves. At the early close of a brilliant and most successful professional life, Mr. Macready has received a tribute without precedent in the history of the stage, and such as has rarely fallen to the lot of the most eminent warriors or statesmen. In this all lovers of the stage must rejoice; for it marks the strength and breadth of the love for the drama quite as much as the admiration of the individual man; and whatever differences of opinion as to the powers of the actor may exist, there are none as to his hardly won place at the summit of his profession. A high aim, resolutely pursued, has, in his case, met with a full measure of success. The example is too rare, and too encouraging, to awaken any feeling but that of satisfaction. In the enthusiasm of the occasion, however, it seemed to us that some important facts were either forgotten or misunderstood; and although enthusiasm is a good thing, as justice is a better, we venture to offer some remarks which suggested themselves to us in the course of the evening.

On the question, whether Mr. Macready possesses genius or not, we have already spoken briefly. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in proposing Mr. Macready's health, took occasion to make exception to what he called our 'qualifying remarks' upon this subject last week, and to ask, 'whether the true measure of the genius of an artist is not the degree of excellence to which he brings the art which he cultivates?' This is a test which we see no reason to question; but when Sir Edward went on to claim for Mr. Macready the highest excellence in *Lear*, *King John*, *Henry the Fifth*, and *Macbeth*, and to maintain that, therefore, he possessed the highest order of histrionic genius, this was to assume, as a fact, the very matter in dispute, which is 'the degree of excellence to which Mr. Macready has brought his art.' We look back to what we remember of other actors,—we look round to what is still to be seen, and it is precisely because we do not think that Mr. Macready has brought his art to the highest measure of excellence, that we refuse to concede to him the attribute of genius in its strict sense, as distinct from talent. An actor may have a good figure, expressive features, a fine voice, a keen intellect, a cultivated taste, an educated eye for the picturesque, large experience of the external signs of passion, and great power in expressing them; he may have knowledge of life, of history, literature, and art; Mr. Macready has all these—yet will not their possession establish a claim to the so often rashly misapplied epithet of genius. Hard to define, its presence is never to be mistaken. Its power in the performer is akin to that of the dramatic poet. You do not see the individual actor in the man he is portraying, any more than you see the individual poet. Sentence by sentence, and scene by scene, the character develops before you. Not this burst, nor that look, arrests you by the way; you are borne resistlessly along by a power which at once satisfies the imagination and the heart. Critical you cannot be while under its spell, but when all is over, and the imagination cools, the image of the man's whole nature is left a living reality in your memory, and you feel that such he was, and that he could be no otherwise. Whence comes this power, but from the quick and deep sensitiveness of a nature that sympathises with, and can lose itself in all forms of humanity—a quality which belongs to the great actor in comedy as well as in tragedy—nay which, we believe, makes him who is greatest in the one great also in the other? This quickness and breadth of sympathy—this power of losing himself in his part, we have always missed

in Mr. Macready. He lent it to him, he did not lend himself to it. We recognised the able illustrator, but we never bowed before the unconscious inspiration of genius. In his greatest scenes there was nothing, as Horace Walpole said of Mrs. Siddons, "which good sense or good instruction might not give." It is quite true, as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton observed, that every great actor has his manner as every great writer has his style. But it is not less true, that whenever either the manner of the one or the style of the other becomes obtrusively prominent, neither writer nor actor is of the highest class. Now of Mr. Macready we say, that his manner, the marked peculiarity of the individual man, was always predominant. Where it happened to be appropriate to the character, as in *Werner*, *Virginus*, *Iachimo*, or the like, the effect was striking, and satisfied the imagination; but where it was not, as in *Hamlet* or *Benedick*, the poet's conception was not only not clothed with life, but was in fact perverted. Passages of skilful declamation, effects which marked the thoughtful artist, were never wanting; but personation in its true sense—the harmonious evolution of a nature not merely consistent with itself, but distinctly individualised, especially in the highest characters of the drama—was not there. Whatever Mr. Macready's panegyrists may say, the well versed student of Shakspeare had little to learn from many of his representations, which of late years have been most warmly applauded. We say of late years—for until the stage lost Kean, Young, and Charles Kemble, and the memory of John Kemble and Cooke had waned, Mr. Macready held an altogether subordinate place as a Shakspearian actor. How much of his pre-eminence now is owing to the absence of rivalry it may be hard to compute, but that he owed something to this circumstance is most certain, and this should not be forgotten in an estimate of his position with reference to the higher drama. Most fortunate for himself, as an individual, however unpropitious for the interests of the drama generally, has been the state of the stage during the last ten years. With no actor to dispute the palm with him, none, indeed, the very contrast with whom did not throw additional lustre on his own powers, with a public more critically educated and more zealous for the higher drama than England, we believe, has ever known, Mr. Macready, when he assumed the managership of Covent Garden, stepped into a position where his powers were sure to make themselves most strongly felt, and which enabled him to command the most liberal rewards. But in his endeavours to raise the drama, it should not be forgotten that he did not work single-handed. He was not the only person who ran risks or made sacrifices. Those who acted under him—and their names are neither few nor unimportant—made large and generous sacrifices also, while at the same time neither zeal nor ability was wanting on their parts to forward the cause which he had undertaken to head. Without such aid Mr. Macready's efforts must have been powerless. Making every allowance, therefore, for his skill in organizing and directing, it is to these coadjutors that he owes much of his repute and of the fortune to which it led. The public too often think only of the general, but the general thinks of his officers, and some recognition of this—some cordial word for those brothers and sisters in the art, whom he leaves to struggle behind him, ought surely on an occasion like that of Saturday last, to have found a way to his lips. They were missed by many to whom it seemed little characteristic either of a genuine love for the great art to which Mr. Macready owes his position, or of a generous disposition, that he made not one allusion of the kind, except somewhat boastfully to refer to Mr. Phelps as worthy to catch his falling mantle. "Barren, barren, beggars all," would seem to be his estimate of the whole profession. Such as they are, however, we cannot but think that had Mr. Macready been as single-minded in his devotion to the higher drama as some maintain, London could not now have been without a theatre where that drama might have found an appropriate home.

He possessed both the opportunities and the gifts for establishing such a theatre. That he did not choose to undertake this arduous though honourable task, affords no reason for complaint; but it is a reason why his name should not be extolled as it has been, as the disinterested supporter of our poetical drama. Not less unwarranted, it seems to us, is the exclusive right which has been claimed for Mr. Macready of being coupled with the revival of the Shakspearian drama, based upon the completeness of the scenic appointments which distinguished his management. Beautiful and elaborate as these were, they often shut out rather than developed the main business of the scene. The senses were appealed to, rather than the heart and fancy. What was Arden, however picturesque and pastoral, while *Rosalind* was degraded into a vulgar hoyden, and who did not feel that the majestic sorrows of *Lady Constance* might be interfered with by an excess of feudal pageantry? So far from advancing the knowledge of Shakspeare among our audiences, a positive injury was, we believe, inflicted upon public taste, by habituating them to look for spectacle instead of poetry; while, at the same time, managers were infected with the idea that scenery and appointments may cover any amount of deficiency in their actors,—a fatal mistake, from which the stage is suffering at this hour. That the genuine text was restored under Mr. Macready's management, another point much dwelt upon by his panegyrists, is surely no theme for inordinate praise. We should as soon think of applauding Mr. Macready for including Lessing or Coleridge in his critical studies. The time had come when public taste, enlightened by the higher criticism of the present century, demanded this restoration. That the thing was to be done had already been decided. It fell to Mr. Macready's lot to do it. In this, as in other matters connected with his art, he kept pace with the thinking men of his time, that was all. This, however, was much, and it offers an example which his brethren in the art cannot too closely follow. Looking steadily to the laurel from the first, sparing no labour, avoiding no self-denial, Mr. Macready's ambition has not only been crowned with success, but with success have come all those collateral advantages which embellish and sweeten life. Mr. Macready could not raise his art, for by its own right it stands on a level with the highest; but he has laid all its followers under obligation, inasmuch as he has elicited, in the tribute personally offered to himself, the recognition by our foremost men of its dignity and importance. To have done this is a thing of which Mr. Macready may be justly proud. The fact and its influence will survive all questions as to the relative merits of the performer. That the great actor is worthy to rank with the great poet,—that to be an ornament of 'the well-graced stage,' is a claim to the highest social distinction, are important truths, which Mr. Macready's career, and this parting tribute, have helped materially to enforce. In this light, the speech of the evening, to our minds, was that of the Chevalier Bunsen, in reply to the chairman's toast, 'The German Exponents of Shakspeare,' with which we feel a pleasure in concluding these remarks:—

"Much as I must wish that there was present on this occasion one of the surviving heroes of our literature to whom Germany owes the distinguished honour which has been done to her dramatic writers and critics, I am free to confess that I am proud it has fallen to my lot to be on such an occurrence the feeble, but sincere, interpreter of our national feelings. Sir, that honour is great and precious, coming as it does from such a man, addressing such an assembly, and on such an occasion. Gentlemen, the modern literature of Germany was nurtured by the English muse, and the genius of William Shakspeare watched over her cradle. He is not a true German who does not gratefully acknowledge that fact. When, after one century of bloody internal wars, and another of benumbment, about 80 years ago the national spirit of Germany had gathered strength to look around, he found himself in the fetters of the most conventional poetry and taste which ever has weighed upon poor humanity since the days of China and Byzance—oratorical prose in rhyme, rhetoric screwed up to poetry, civilised galvanism mistaken for the rhythm of organic life. It was under such circumstances that the first of our intellectual giants, Lessing, arose, and in pure classical German proved that our models must be looked for somewhere else, and particularly in the dramatic art. Lessing pointed to two great constellations—the Athenian



theatre and William Shakspeare. He did more—he united with a great and genial actor, Schröder, at Hamburg, to give Germany a national theatre fashioned after those models. When one decade later the immortal author of our greatest national drama—of *Faust*—when the bright star of Goethe rose on the horizon, his dramatic creed was the same: *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* and *William Shakspeare* for ever! Again, when a few decades later, towards the beginning of this century, that noble pair of brothers, *Frederick* and *William Schlegel*, began to apply the united force of genius, philosophy, and poetry to the creation of a comprehensive system of poetical and artistic criticism, considering all real and lasting productions of art, not as an accidental kaleidoscope variety of forms, but as a link in the chain of the development of mind; and when their common friend, *Ludwig Tieck*, opened his delightful, both creative and critical vein, for the same object, who was the hero in whose name and to whose honour they broke down the idols of conventional poetry and condemned to eternal oblivion all sham and unreality? Who was the hero who inspired both Goethe and Schiller and the followers of the romantic school but *William Shakspeare* and his theatre? This name of *Shakspeare*, then, was not the fashion of an age; it was not the hue and cry of a school of metaphysical philosophers or the whim of critical poets. No, Sir, it was no more or less than the adequate expression of the deepest national feeling; it was the organ and echo of the universal voice of love and admiration with which the Anglo-Saxon mind, in its native abode, reverently hailed the great kindred genius of England, as the poetical hero of the Germanic race. It is, above all, this instinctive love and admiration which has made *Shakspeare* the most popular name, and his dramas the most universally read poetical works, among 40,000,000 of Germans. The distinguished editor of *Shakspeare*—who in our age has given to England and to the world the genuine text of that author, and carried out the right principles of its interpretation—says somewhere most truly, 'The foundation of a right understanding of *Shakspeare* is love'—reverent love, of course, as every true love is. Well, I think we Germans do love *Shakspeare*, and we love him reverently. We do not love him for this or for that, but we love him best for being what he is. We do not admire him for a happy simile here or a striking observation there; none of which, beautiful as they may be as a part of a whole, would make him, as we think, a poet—much less the king of all dramatic writers of the world. We love above all his grand poetical conceptions, and the truthful manner in which he does justice to them. We see in every piece of his an artistic reproduction of those eternal laws which, in spite of many apparent contradictions, and through all antagonistic forces, regulate always in the end the national, and very often the individual, destinies of mankind. To represent them in action is the divine privilege of the dramatic genius. This being our conception of *Shakspeare*, and this the relation his immortal works bear to our present national literature, you will think me sincere in saying, what you praise us for is nothing but the deep acknowledgment of our eternal obligations to your and the world's greatest dramatist—the voice of our grateful and reverent love to our saving and inspiring hero. I beg your pardon for having been so prolix on this point, but all I have said bears even directly upon the occasion of our festive meeting on this day. For, Sir, I confess I have never been able to understand how one can love *Shakspeare's* Plays without feeling the most lively interest for the national theatre on which his dramas are to be represented, and the highest regards for the great actor. The great actor is infinitely more necessary to reproduce the author's idea of a play than a good musical director is required for the understanding of a great musical composition. You can set tunes and harmonies to notes, but not words and sentences to declamation. And what can you prescribe for action? The great actor is the real *hypophetes* of the prophet, the best interpreter of his meaning, and nothing less than his whole person, his body, mind, and soul, are required for performing that great task. In the age in which we live it is not the question whether we are to have a national theatre or not. The question only is, whether the theatre is to be conducted by libretto-makers and mechanical or mercantile managers, or whether it is to be regulated by first-rate men both of intellect and of moral courage. The question is whether we shall allow it to be disgraced into a slave of fashion and low amusement, or whether it is to be upheld as a high intellectual and moral school, nourished by the best feelings of the nation, or worthy of the support of an enlightened national Government. Gentlemen, I think we all agree about this alternative. It is our cordial agreement on this question which has collected us also to-day around our justly honoured guest. The German literature and nation have long decided that question in the same way. I have already mentioned that *Lessing* allied himself with *Schröder*, the celebrated German actor of his time. In the same manner *Goethe* dedicated a great part of his long, laborious, and self-devoted life to creating and maintaining a national theatre, and so did *Ludwig Tieck* for many years at *Dresden* and *Berlin*. I think that, precious as their time was, it was well-bestowed upon this great object; and I cannot allow this occasion to pass without mentioning a fact directly bearing upon this occasion, that when *Ludwig Tieck* was, in 1817, in London, he was struck by a young actor then only beginning to appear before the public. He did not see him in a *Shakspearian* play—the particular object of his devoted attention, but in a now forgotten drama of the day, in a character neither attractive nor deeply poetical. But, nevertheless, he was struck by that young actor in the midst of the splendid constellations which then shone on the English stage. 'If this young man,' *Tieck* says, in his dramatic letters of 1817, 'goes on as he has begun, he will become one of the most eminent actors of the age.' The young man's name was *William Macready*. Gentlemen, there remains nothing more for me than to pay personally the tribute of sincere admiration and gratitude to him by

whose side I have to-day the distinguished honour to sit. Having watched him attentively during the ten years I have had the happiness to spend in this country, I do not know whether I admire him more as the man who has made me understand *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*,—and, above all, *Lear*,—better than I ever understood them before, or as the high-minded manager, and as the man of character who has often staked his very existence on his great and noble object, which was—to raise the standard of his art, to elevate the English actor, and to purify and ennoble the national stage. And I finally wish you joy, gentlemen, that you have celebrated the retirement of this man from the stage in a manner which honours both him and yourselves, and which is full of European and universal interest; and I conclude by expressing my deep-felt gratitude for having associated me with your feelings."

#### THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Industrial Palace in Hyde Park presents a busy scene, the business of preparing the Exhibition being now in full activity. The continued arrival of carts laden with heavy machinery and lighter packages, which are quickly relieved of their burthens by the corps of sappers, who under the direction of their officers have been deputed to this task; the din of the hammers of hundreds of carpenters nailing up partitions and fixing counters; the constant influx of anxious exhibitors eagerly looking after their own localities in the building, together with the custom-house officers examining the foreign goods, and the 500 painters completing Mr. Owen Jones's decorations, present such a scene as was never before realized in the world's history. The decorations of the building are greatly improved. Without entirely sacrificing his first principles, Mr. Owen Jones has bowed to the expression of the public, and we have now no more red and yellow introduced than is sufficient to impart an agreeable warmth of tone to the otherwise somewhat cold blue and white. Nearly the whole of the interior of the building is divided into bays, each class, or in the foreign department each country, having its own division distinctly marked. Few things are more remarkable than to pass along the building and notice the labels indicating the places which are to represent China, the East Indies, Russia, Prussia, France, the United States, Canada, &c. These features, more than any other, convince the mind that the world is moving towards us. We have had in the history of mankind many very remarkable gatherings of people—as of the Jewish nation at Jerusalem, and of the conquered states at Rome to swell the triumph of the conquerors—but never before has the world seen such a gathering of all nations to celebrate the arts of peace, the triumphs of mind, as that which is to honour England. The level lines of partition cutting this huge building up into an infinite number of sections, may have its advantages in enabling the exhibitors to make a display more suited to their own tastes than they could otherwise do, but it strikes us as being very detrimental to the general effect, and the result to the visitors will be the difficulties of a labyrinth as inaccessible as that of Crete. The sale of season tickets at the Rooms of the Society of Arts goes on rapidly. Up to Thursday night 4490 were sold (gentlemen's 2617, ladies' 1873). These tickets are not transferable; and to ensure this, every holder of a season ticket, until they become personally known to the officers, will be required to sign their names in a visitor's book every time they enter the building. The printing of the Catalogue goes on with equal rapidity to every other work connected with this vast undertaking. Some thousands of the Catalogue forms sent in by the exhibitors are already in type, and the proofs of most of these have received the annotations of those gentlemen who have undertaken that arduous duty. The Illustrated Catalogue, thus annotated, will furnish a mass of information in connexion with human industry far beyond any that has ever been brought together. It will be a book not for a day but for all time. The liberal spirit in which Messrs. Spicer and Clowes are proceeding with their work is worthy of the great design of which the press is to give a permanent record. It is under the consideration of the Commission whether an official report of each department by its superintendents, assisted by the best authorities, shall be issued before the termination of the Exhibition.

#### VARIETIES.

*Lord Holland's Reminiscences.*—Lord Holland has complained against a review of his father's 'Reminiscences' in *The Times*, in a letter to that journal, dated Naples, Feb. 14. The sore point seems to be, that the reviewer spoke offences against decorum and good taste in every page, and pointed out the republican tendency of some opinions expressed, hinting also that Lord Holland was privy to a plan for the escape of Napoleon from St. Helena. Lord Holland owns his father's open protest with the Duke of Sussex against the captivity of Napoleon, but denies any connivance or knowledge of a plan of escape, enforcing the fact that after this protest all communication with the imprisoned emperor passed through Lord Bathurst, and calling on the reviewer for his authorities. The reviewer refers to his father's book for justification, which, he says, betrays "an unwarrantable endeavour to arrogate for a tyrant of earth the virtues and prerogative of an angel of light." It is quite understood that Lord John Russell has renounced all title to papers of the late lord which he had as executor of his widow, in favour of the editor of the 'Reminiscences,' with whom the sole responsibility of the production rests.

*Taxes on Knowledge.*—The agitation for the repeal of the stamp and advertisement duties is progressing. On Wednesday a meeting was held, at which Mr. Cobden, Mr. M. Gibson, and Mr. F. O'Connor took an active part in expounding the arguments in favour of removing the imposts complained of. Mr. Cobden thought that the penny stamp was so trifling in its yield (350,000*l.*) to the Government, that it appeared to be kept on for some sinister purpose; the advocates of the repeal proposed that every paper which passed through the Post-Office should have a queen's head on it, and as from sixty to eighty millions passed through the post, the revenue would not suffer materially by the change. Mr. Cassell referred to the fact, that Messrs. Chambers' tracts, although having a sale of 80,000, yet did not pay, and were obliged to be given up; and the three-halfpenny publication would be given up also for the same reason; that the Government gave 100,000*l.* towards education, but received 1,000,000*l.* per annum by the taxes on knowledge. Mr. M. Gibson, M.P., said the advertisement duty was a destroyer of revenue, and that the real cause for its continuance was a dread of extending cheap literature amongst the working classes.

*Roman Archaeology.*—*Discovery of Antiquities.*—The *Giornale di Roma* reports the discovery of some interesting relics in the excavations being carried on at the Via Appia, which now extend to the fifth mile out—a beautiful fragment of Roman architecture, a frieze with festoons supported by children, heads of Medusa, and a cippus, with a bas-relief representing a soldier of the Urban Cohorts, four statues, and slabs bearing the fragmentary motto, 'Orestus Licor Cæsaris,' and other inscriptions denoting offices and localities hitherto unknown, such as, *Ab ara Marmorea* and *Coactor inter Erarios*, with many names of persons. Numbers of *virtuosi* are watching the progress of the excavation.

*Rectorship of Glasgow University.*—The members of the University voted in equal numbers for Lord Palmerston and Mr. Sheriff Alison, the historian. In consequence of Mr. Macaulay's absence in Italy, the duty of making the casting vote fell on his predecessor, Mr. Mure, of Caldwell, who gave it in favour of Alison, on the ground that he had most individual votes, although the nations had been equal.

*Archæology of Paisley.*—The old chartulary of the Monastery of Paisley has lately been discovered; it is a folio volume in vellum, well written, and begins with the 2nd of December, 1489, ending 29th of August, 1547, containing 183 charters in Latin, and one in Scotch. How these documents could have been withdrawn from the record office of the town cannot be found out, but their restoration is a matter of interest in the history of the place.



**The Duc d'Abrantès.**—The Paris journals announce the death of Junot, Duc d'Abrantès, son of the celebrated Marshal. Though of rather a wild life, he possessed considerable literary talent, was a good modern linguist and classical scholar. He published some romances of merit, and had undertaken a literal translation of Shakspeare, which he has left far advanced. For some time before his death he was labouring under mental alienation, and died in an asylum.

**Native African MSS.**—Some two years ago it was said Lieut. Forbes, of H.M.S. *Bonetta*, had discovered a written language used by the Vei nation. Copies of these writings have now arrived, and *fac similes* been made at the Foreign Office. The merit, however, of confirming the discovery belongs to the Church Missionary Society, who sent Mr. Koelle on a special mission in the matter. The alphabet consists of 200 symbols representing syllables, and it is said to have been invented by Doalu Bukara, a native who, when a child, had learnt the phonetic alphabet used by the American missionaries. He says the symbols appeared to him in a dream. The Vei language is allied to the Mandingo, Bambarra, and others, which are spoken from the Gambia to the Gallinas rivers, over a country 650 miles long by 300 eastward to the interior. If it prove that these MSS. embrace any traditional forms by which connexion with the languages of the northern and eastern parts of the African continent, the Coptic and Amharic, can be traced, the discovery will be of great utility in ethnology; for hitherto it has been supposed that out of the multitude of spoken dialects not one was written. It will also tend to support the opinions of some who are disposed to grant the Africans a much higher status in the history of nations.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

**Monday.**—Geographical, 8½ p.m.—(Capt. Erskine on the South Sea Islands.—Commander Mitchell on the Island of Rusan).—British Architects, 8 p.m.

**Tuesday.**—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—Zoological, 9 p.m.—Syrro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m.—Miss Fanny Corboux on the Rephaim of Palestine, and their connexion with Egyptian History.—Mr. W. D. Nash on the Shepherd Kings and the Pyramid Builders.)

**Wednesday.**—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Geological, 8½ p.m.—(C. J. F. Bunbury, Esq., For. Sec. G.S., on the Fossil Plants of Scarborough.—J. S. Dawes, Esq., F.G.S., on the Structure of the Calamite.—J. Dawson, Esq., on Upright Calamites occurring near Pictou).—London Institution, 7 p.m.—(Mr. C. Blair Leighton on Lithography, illustrated by its various styles of Drawing and Printing).—Graphic, 8 p.m.—Pharmaceutical, 9 p.m.—Literary Fund, 3 p.m.

**Thursday.**—Royal, 8½ p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 p.m.

**Friday.**—Astronomical, 8 p.m.—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—(Dr. Gull on some points in the Physiology of Voluntary Movement.)

**Saturday.**—Asiatic, 2 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.

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**MESSRS. FOSTER AND SON will sell by AUCTION**, without reservation, on the premises, No. 32, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, on Thursday, 13th March, and following day, at One precisely, the fashionable and well-manufactured Furniture, including appointments for a Drawing-room, Two Dining-rooms, &c., Bed-room, of the best description, and in nice condition. Sevres and Dresden Ornaments, Clocks: a Carved Marble Group and 2 Busts; Carved and Gilt Console Tables and Glasses. The collection of 117 Pictures, including the Garden of Love (Woolmer), The English Ballad-Singer (Scott), Landscape (O'Connor), Sunday Evening (Clayton), The Medway by Moonlight (Pether), The Young Recruit (Rippington), Market Cart (Wheatley and Moreland), View in Rome (Moor), Ruins of a Castle (D. Roberts, R.A.), View in India (Daniells, R.A.), Holy Family (Raffaello), The Country Squire (Van Stry), and specimens of the Works of

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£. s. d.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.
20	20 15 10	1260	260	108	36	1404
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